The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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The Yorktown Centennial Ode.

I.

Hark, hark! down the century's long-reaching slope
To those transports of triumph, those raptures of hope,
The voices of main and mountain combined
In glad resonance borne on the wing of the wind,
The bass of the drum and the trumpet that thrills
Through the multiplied echoes of jubilant hills,
And mark how the years, melting upward like mist
Which the breath of some splendid enchantress has kissed,
Reveal on the ocean, reveal on the shore
The proud pageant of conquest that graced them of yore,
When blended forever in love as in fame
See, the standard which stole from the star-light its fame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France.

II.

Oh stabborn the strife ere the conflict was won!
And the wild whirling war wrack half-stifled the sun,
The thunders of cannons that boomed on the lea
But re-echoed far thunders pealed up from the
Where guarding his sea-lists, a knight on the waves,
Bold De Grasse kept at bay the bluff bulldogs of Graves,
The day turned to darkness, the night turned to fire,
Still more fiercer waxed the combat, more deadly the ire.
Undimmed by the gloom, in majestic advance,
Oh behold where they ride o'er the red battle tide,
Those banners united in love as in fame,
The brave standard which drew from the star beams their flame.
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France.

III.

No respite, no pause; by the York's tortured flood
The gray Lion of England is writhing in blood.
Cornwallis may chafe and coarse Tarleton aver
As he sharpens his broadsword and buckles his spur,
"This blade, which so often has reaped rebels like grain,
Shall now harvest for death the rude yeoman again."
Vain boast; for ere sunset he's flying in fear,
With the rebels he scouted close, close in his rear,
The French on his flank hurl such volleys of shot
That e'en Gloucester's redoubt must be growing too hot.
Thus wedded in love as united in fame.
Lo! the standard which stole from the star-light its flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France

IV.

Oh morning appear! when the siege reached its close;
See! the sundawn outblown like the alchemist's rose!
The last wreath of smoke from dim trenches upcurled
Are transformed to a glory that smiles on the world.
Joy, Joy! Save the wan, wasted front of the foe,
With his battle flags furled and his arms trailing low.
Respect for the brave! In grim silence they yield
And in silence they pass with bowed head from the field.
Then triumph transcendent! so Titan of tone
That some vowed it must startle King George on his throne.

V.

When Peace to her own time the pulse of the land,
And the war weapon sank from the war-wearied hand,
Young Freedom upborne to the height of the goal
She had yearned for so long with deep travail of soul,
A song of the future raised, thrilling and clear,
Till the woods leaned to hearken, the hill slopes to hear,
Yet fraught with all magical grandeurs that gleam
On the hero's high hope, or the patriot's dream,
What future, though bright, in cold shadow shall cast
The stern beauty that halos the brow of the past.
Oh! wedded in love, as united in fame,
See the standard which stole from the starlight its flame.
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France.

"AHEAD OF TIME."

"Now I'm going to show you why I struck out for myself."

I had been driving a mile or two with my cheery friend, Dr. Mary Stedman, and until that moment was unaware of any motive for the ride other than the usual one of pleasure to us both.

"I have a warm place in my heart for my native Vermont," she went on; "And knowing how I love it, I am sure you have often wondered why I did not remain here instead of seeking a home and a profession for myself among strangers."

I had often speculated on this very subject but there was no time to confess it, for at that moment my companion reined up suddenly, and with a brisk "Here we are!" jumped from the carriage.

"This," pointing to a weather-beaten but still comfortable-looking house, "is the homestead. Since the death of our parents my eldest brother has lived here. You needn't be at all disturbed," as I naturally hesitated about intruding among strangers, "for my sister-in-law expects us."

"How cool! how neat! how shady and comfortable!" were my first exclamations as I followed my leader into the old-fashioned parlor.

"Just so," she responded drily. "And, my dear, you might search from cellar to garret of this great house, and though you stood upon ladders, and peered with a microscope upon your hands and knees, you would never be able to find a fly."

Mrs. Stedman looked as her sister-in-law had described her—"like a very sad and troubled ghost." She was painfully thin and haggard, and at least a dozen times during our short call I noticed her mournful eyes fill with tears.

"Well, Sarah," said the doctor, "you are as busy as ever, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," our hostess replied; "there is never any end to work."

"Been making butter to-day?"

"I made a little over forty pounds this morning."

"Before breakfast, I suppose?"

The doctor's tone was somewhat crisp.

"I churned at four, and I have just worked my butter over. I don't mind so much when churning doesn't come washing days; and, you see, cream has got to be attended to whenever it is ready."

"Been washing, too?" my friend inquired.

"Oh, yes! And it did seem as if I had every garment in the tub that there was in the house!"

"So you've made forty pounds of butter," said the doctor, "washed—and what else?"

"Not much else beside the regular work. I picked some beans for dinner, and made a few pies; that's all."

At this point my friend, much to my surprise, turned the conversation into other channels, and soon after we took our leave.

"It seems to me you have neglected an opportunity," I remarked, as soon as we had driven away.

"I supposed you'd think so," my companion answered; "but you can form no conception of the amount of breath I have wasted on that very case. I am regarding it now solely from a scientific standpoint. I think I calculate the length of that woman's days within a fraction of time."

"I should think your brother wouldn't allow his wife to work so," I remarked.

"What does he know about it?" said the doctor. "He comes into the house for the three meals that are prepared for him, and when night comes he goes to bed and to sleep, or he drives over to the village and spends his evenings with his friends. My brother works hard, but he works out of doors, and that saves him. Sarah has an excellent reputation as wife and housekeeper all over the country. She has helped my brother 'lay up'—in Vermount vernacular—several thousand dollars. It doesn't take a prophet to see that another wife will have the benefit of this one's toil; though it is probable, if she comes from this section of the country, she'll not have sense enough to be benefited by anything!"

"If your sister-in-law would only have a servant," I suggested.

"A servant! Why, what a greenhorn you are!" said the doctor. "Do you think my brother and his wife are strong enough to bear the finger of scorn that would inevitably be pointed at them should they employ a servant? It is far better, my dear, to work one's self to death than to be called lazy, and shiftless and extravagant. If this were not the case they would not think they could afford a servant. My brother is dominated, soul and body, by the spirit of economy, and his wife is a reflection of himself. Here we are again," my friend continued, coming to a stop before the door of a more modern and more pretentious mansion. "My youngest sister lives here. It seems singular, doesn't it, that I have never introduced you to my relatives before? The truth is, you and I are perplexities to these good people. We turn them out of their beaten tracks for a while, with no other result than to add to their hard work and anxieties. Ten years ago my sister Anna was as healthy a girl as there was in Vermont, and the brightest and wittiest one of the family. I had some hopes that she would keep out of the treadmill, and, if she did marry a farmer and settle down here, that she would furnish an example of common sense to her neigobors; but she is just like the rest, only worse perhaps."

All this as the doctor hitched her horse, and we walked up the long graveled walk.

Sister Anna was scolding one of her children when we entered the house, and we were upon her before she had finished her loud-pitched harangue.

"I don't believe any one ever had such contrary youngsters as I have got!" she remarked, apologetically. "They do worry me so sometimes that it seems to me I should enjoy myself in my grave."

"Send a couple of them to me, Anna, whenever you feel like parting with them," said the doctor.

"I would in a minute if their father was willing," the lady replied. "I don't know how to bring up children," she added, "and if I did know how, I haven't any time. To tell the truth, I have such a pain in my side all the time that I'm not fit for anything. I wish you'd give me some of that medicine, Mary, that you gave me last summer."

"I suppose you work just as hard, Anna, as though you hadn't a pain in your side," the doctor remarked.

"Of course I do," was the somewhat irritable response. "Who else is there to do it if I give up?"

"Where is the pain, Anna, and how long have you had it?"

The doctor's tones were even, and her manner so calmly professional that I had at the time no suspicion that any of it was assumed.

"It is under my left shoulder-blade," her sister replied, "and I haven't breathed a long breath since last November. Sometimes it is worse than others, and I am conscious of it every minute."

The doctor drew a chair to her sister's side, and took her hand in hers.

"Dear me, Mary, my pulse is all right," said the invalid, doing her best to make light of the situation.

"How many men does your husband hire this summer, Anna?" the doctor inquired, as she prepared some medicine.

"Only six this year."

"And you cook and wash for them, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"How many cows have you?"

"Fourteen."

"And you make butter for market?"

Sister Anna smiled as she answered this question.

"I average about sixty pounds a week."

"What time do you get up in the morning?"

"About 4 o'clock."

"What time do you go to bed?"

"Anywhere from 10 to 12," and then, with a glance in my direction, "you see, farmers have to keep ahead of time. If they didn't manage to do this they couldn't lay up anything, to save their lives."

"Anna," said the doctor, taking no notice of the above remark, "I intend to stay in Vermont a month, unless I am needed in New York. Would you like me to take charge of your case during that time?"

"My case!" her sister repeated in great perplexity. "I don't suppose I shall need anything more than that medicine."

"I will gladly do all I can for you, Anna," the doctor resumed, "and when I am compelled to go back I will leave you in good hands; but it must be on condition of the most perfect obedience on your part. You have hard coughing spells every morning, do you not?"

"Yes, Mary, but how in the world did you know that?"

"No matter how I know it. That I do know it is sufficient. To begin with, Anna, your husband must find other places for his workmen, and some one must be found immediately to do your housework. You must go to bed every night at 8 o'clock, and remain in bed till after breakfast. You must have all sorts of nourishing food, and pork and codfish must be eliminated from your bill of fare."

"Mary, what do you mean?"

There was a look of terror in the poor woman's eyes, and her lips quivered painfully.

"I mean, if you do exactly as I tell you, you may get well; if not, it is impossible," the doctor replied. "If you think I am exaggerating, or don't know what I am talking about, send for any reputable physician you please and ask him to tell you the truth."

"Oh, Mary! There isn't any way of doing the things you speak of. Clarke feels awfully poor this summer, and I have been trying harder than ever to make the ends lap over."

"Where is Clarke?" the doctor inquired.

"He is down at the creek, haying."

"I will drive down and have a talk with him right away," said my friend, making ready to leave.

"Oh, Mary! Don't you think there is any other way?"

The poor woman had broken down completely now, and the doctor held her for a moment in her strong arms and caressed her fondly.

"No other way, sis," she replied; "but we will do the best we can. There's no telling what a good rest and careful nursing may do for your poor tired body, my dear."

"I was going to take you to some other places," the doctor remarked, as we drove away, "but it would have been the same old story; work, work, work, without rest or change, from year's end to year's end. My mother killed herself by her attempts to get ahead of time. Two sisters have traveled the same road that Anna has started on, one of them absolutely dropping dead in her kitchen in the midst of her work. This is the kind of thing I could not endure to see go on. I knew it was all wrong as soon as I knew anything, and when I became old enough to have a voice in my own education I persisted in taking a different course. My sister Anna has tried so hard to get ahead of time and make things 'lap over' tha she has abused and probably killed herself, beside criminally neglecting and mismanaging her children. I don't suppose she has had five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four during the last five years, and think of that amount of rest for a woman whose brain and muscle are forever in use! Every year I come up here and find things going from bad to worse among my relatives and most of my friends, and the horrible part of it is that nothing one can say or do will ever have the slightest effect."

"Don't you think your very natural anxiety about your sister may have colored your diagnosis a little?" I inquired.

"Not in the least," my companion answered. "Anna's pulse was one hundred and twelve. The respiration was labored and ominously frequent. There is no mistaking such signs."

"How could she keep at work with such a pulse as that?" I asked.

"By the exercise of will power," said the doctor. "In our family will power is a direct inheritance. If it could only have been put to a good use how much might have been accomplished! My dear, this will power eats salt pork when good beef and the most nutritious food are absolute necessities. It makes all its cream into butter that the cash may 'lap over.' It drinks skim milk, and works nineteen hours out of twenty-four."

Soon after this the doctor dropped me at my boarding-house.

"Now you know all about it," she remarked in parting, "and if any one ever asks you why Mary Stedman did not remain among her relatives you can say that she declined to live among criminals and suicides."

Five months after the above incident sister Anna died, and one year from that date the widower married again. The second wife is a duplicate of the first, working night and day and "laying up" for a future which it is more than likely she never will enjoy.—*Eleanor Kirk, in Christian Union.*

WISE WORDS.

Try your skill in gilt first, then in gold.

Publish your joys, but conceal your sorrows.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

One day is worth three to him who does everything in order.

Gravity is but the rind of wisdom, but it is a preservative rind.

The ignorant hath an eagle's wings and an owl's eyes.

The king-becoming graces—devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

Judgment and reason have been grand jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Promises hold men faster than benefits; hope is a cable and gratitude a thread.

It is wise and well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a rainbow.

Whoever looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

A man has no right to occupy such high moral grounds that he is constantly so far above his fellows that he can be of no earthly assistance to them.

A great deal depends upon a man's courage when he is slandered and traduced. Weak men are crushed by detraction, but the brave hold on and succeed.

TRICKS IN THE HORSE TRADE.

Some Useful Hints to Intending Purchasers—Sharp Practice Among Bogus Advertisers—Where the Best Horses Come From—Facts to Remember.

In the course of an interesting conversation with a gentleman who has for several years been largely interested in the purchase of horses, a representative of this journal gleaned several important facts.

Of late years quite a large business has sprung up in Canadian ponies, which, owing to their toughness, are in great demand by retail dealers, as grocers, butchers, peddlers, etc. Two French Canadians, who travel between the province of Quebec and New York, annually import several thousand animals of this class, the selling price of which ranges from $90 to $200 apiece. The duty is twenty per cent. These are purchased in Canada for from $40 to $125, the latter price being considered a very high figure across the line.

Horses intended to run to street-cars, or, as they are technically termed, "railroaders," come mostly from Western Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and even as far as Missouri. The two largest firms engaged in this line are Isaac Dolman and Messrs. Oakley & Smith. They cost from $120 to $150 a head. A good railroader will last five years, at the expiration of which time they are sold by the street-car companies to small farmers and peddlers. Before a final purchase is made by the street-car companies the horses are generally tried in harnesss, and if found suitable for the purpose are accepted.

The largest build of horses, for brewers, express companies and heavy truck work, come almost exclusively from Western Pennsylvania, and realize from $200 to $400 apiece. They approach the Percheron tribe in look and form, and at the present time these animals are somewhat scarce.

Carriage, trotting and saddle horses come mostly from Kentucky and command fancy prices, $3,500 not being considered an out of the way figure for a well matched span. The average price is about $1,000 a pair.

Considering the large dimensions which the horse trade has assumed, it is in comparatively few hands, and the public ignorance which prevails in regard to a fair knowledge of horseflesh naturally presupposes the existence of extensive fraud.

This, however, is chiefly confined to one or two gangs of sharpers, who have for several years infested Brooklyn and New York city. "From the fact that the trade is in a few hands," said one informant, "it would scarcely pay them to make fraud a specialty, and therefore most of them do a straight business. Occasionally they may sell a horse, which turns out to be bad, at a good figure, just as you may find a bad cigar among a box of good ones. Neither do I think the practice of 'doctoring' horses is nearly so prevalent as formerly. Perhaps for a $20 bill a veterinary surgeon can be found who will pass a bad horse upon an ignorant customer; but such cases are entirely exceptional. The kind of fraud, however, which is perpetrated upon the public comes from another source altogether, and is put up by rascals who make their living in this way. At the present time the police are engaged in hunting up a gang of these fellows, who operate through unprincipled livery-stable keepers, who go shares in the transaction."

"Can you give any instances within your own knowledge?"

"Yes, several. Whenever I see an advertisement to the effect that 'a lady having met with a serious affliction, and being compelled to reduce her establishment, is willing to sell her fine bay mare, warranted sound and kind,' etc., I confess I am always suspicious there is something wrong. The wording of the advertisement attracts attention, and those not up to this very old trick imagine they can purchase a good animal cheap. Another popular form of heading is 'Owing to the death of my wife,' or, 'A gentleman being suddenly called to Europe' or 'Through serious reverses in my family,' or, 'A gentleman pecuniarily embarrassed,' etc. I tell you these gentry are well up in the sentimental order of literature. Then comes the swindle, which is carried out in the following manner: The person who, having been attracted by the advertisement, wishes to purchase, goes to the stable where the animal is said to be, and is met by a gentlemanly-looking man who represents the owner. Gentlemanly man shows the horse, which may be really a good one, but declines to sell him, as a party has already bespoken him; but if the would-be purchaser is willing to deposit $25 the gentlemanly man will let him have the horse at some ridiculously low figure, provided previous party does not call at a certain hour. Unsuspicous party deposits $25, returns to claim his wonderfully cheap horse, and finds the horse and his rider flown. The livery-stable keeper is applied to and says he doesn't know anything about the man, who had put up his horse to board only the day before. Another trick," continued our informant, "was one which was successfully accomplished only a month ago. A good road horse was advertised for sale for $150. There were several applicants to buy, but they were not sufficiently green for the purpose. At length one turned up who appeared to be anxious to buy. The owner asked him if he meant business? 'Of course I do,' replied the innocent; 'why do you ask?' 'Because I've had several applicants who said they wanted to buy, and came just out of curiosity. Now, if you mean business, I'll hitch up that horse and show you his paces if you'll make a deposit of $50. I won't do it under. It doesn't pay me to throw away my time for nothing.' The victim paid, the horse was harnessed to a sulky, and the owner drove him up and down the street, much to the victim's satisfaction, who was about to congratulate himself upon having got a good thing, when the owner drove the animal around the corner, and that was the last that was seen of him. After waiting an hour the stable-keeper was appealed to. 'What does this mean?' inquired the victim. 'Why, it means that I have been swindled as well as yourself.' 'Do you mean to say that you don't know the man that's got my money?' 'I don't know him any more than you do, except that he owes me for three days' board for his horse!' This, of course, was untrue, the stable-keeper, in all probability, being in with the swindler. I might tell you many similar tricks, but the above are within my own knowledge."

"Do these frauds ever get caught?"

"Not very often, although a celebrated horse swindler named 'Jew Abe' got three years not so very long ago in the penitentiary for obtaining money by false pretenses much in the way I have told you."

"How do these people operate?"

"Mostly in gangs. There are supposed to be six or eight of them. They change about from one part of the city to another, and when the city gets too hot for them they go elsewhere for a month or so. There are several boarding-stable proprietors supposed to be in league with them."

"How many competent veterinary surgeons do you suppose there are in Brooklyn and New York?"

"Very few really first-class men. Most of those who profess to be veterinary surgeons have been farriers in the British army, and they combine the study of surgery with that of a riding-master. Horse riding has become quite a fashionable pastime, and American ladies make good horsewomen and appear to take naturally to the exercise. There are three riding schools in New York, one in Brooklyn and one in Hoboken. The rising generation are going to make good riders."

"Among what class of persons are the frauds you have mentioned mostly perpetrated?"

"Mostly among people of private means, who, lured by seductive advertisements and unacquainted with horses, more easily bite at the attractions held out to their pockets through the supposed reverses of others."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Newspaper Advertising.

The first-class newspaper or periodical possesses very obvious advantages as an advertising medium. It goes into the family, is read by each member, and is frequently so much in demand that while one is reading it another is impatiently awaiting his or her turn. It has features which cause it to be preserved for a day or two, if not longer, and it is usually taken up several times after the first reading. The advertisements are looked at as well as the news, and if anything mentioned in the advertising columns is especially needed in the household, it is eagerly noticed, and one of the family will be likely to start out to purchase it. Every day a large number of persons who are in need of some article turn to the advertising columns of newspapers in the hope of finding an announcement of what they want. Newspaper advertisements are thus looked at when the reader is in a mood to make a purchase, but the inscriptions on rocks and boards, and the other catchpenny ways of advertising, will only by mere chance meet one's eye when the mind desires what is mentioned. Moreover, the newspaper advertisement is superior to all other forms of advertising in versatility. For instance, the advertisement of a grocery man can be at once altered so as to considerably increase his trade by putting an announcement of some desirable goods just received in the place of some long-standing announcement of staple articles with which the public are already quite familiar. The public are on the lookout for novelties and special bargains, and there is no other medium than the newspaper through which they can satisfactorily and easily keep posted in these respects.

It cannot be too carefully borne in mind that the great advantages belonging to newspaper advertising can only be fully and satisfactorily derived from advertisements in the best papers, those which have high literary and moral worth, and find their way into the most respectable and thrifty families. The sensational papers, the papers that treat only of ephemeral matters in a superficial way, that have a skim-milk make up, and are perhaps only hastily glanced at as one rides in the horse-car and then thrown away, are obviously poor mediums for advertising.

The country weekly is undoubtedly one of the best papers in which to advertise. Its circulation may be small and mostly confined to one locality, but it goes among families who read it and preserve it more carefully than the city man does his daily paper, and who depend on it almost exclusively for what advertising information they need. A large circulation, by the way, although very desirable, cannot make a paper that is deficient in character and literary excellence a valuable advertising medium, while a paper of high standing with but a moderate circulation can command the most valuable patronage.—*Paper World.*

Rossi's Duel.

Now that Senor Rossi, the Italian tragedian, is in the United States, the cunning "advance agent" is, as they say, upon the street, "getting in his work." His fine Italian hand is visible in the stories which are related of the actor, particularly of his duels. Once while he was playing Hamlet in Milan a party of ladies and gentlemen became so boisterous that he suddenly turned in the midst of his lines and remarked, "I shall keep silent so long as you are not." The actor was greeted with cheers, and the party retired. The play being over Rossi was waited upon with a card and a challenge. As he was to leave Milan early next morning, the duel would have to be fought that night. So calling upon the challenger, he proposed that they should fight with pistols in Rossi's apartment. This being accepted, and all being ready, a knock from the landlord and an inquiry if Rossi was ill interrupted the affair. Replying that he was not, and blowing out the light as if he were retiring, Rossi said to his opponent: "We must fight in the dark." The challenged party replied that that was absurd, but agreed to Rossi's suggestion that they should each smoke a cigar, the fire doing service as a mark. Two shots were fired, and Rossi's opponent got a bullet in his shoulder. The noise aroused the police, who carried him before the justice, who said: "You are a wretched knave, a monster. I shall send you to prison for five years;" and the actor was locked up for the rest of the night. The next morning the magistrate, entering the prisoner's cell, addressed him as follows: "Last night the representative of the law spoke to you as was his duty; this morning listen to what the friend has to say. I was present at your performance last night. You play like a god. You did well to chastise that scrub. I know that you are expected at Milan; take this ring as a memento, and go away as quickly as you can." Rossi went and still wears the ring.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The reports of the semi-annual conference of the Mormon church at Salt Lake do not indicate any abatement of zeal on the part of the men with many wives. Fifteen thousand delegates were gathered from Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming and Nevada, and their religious enthusiasm was remarkable.

The *Hour*, a New York journal, has been "ciphering" a little, and presents as a result some strange figures regarding the cost of stopping the wheels of progress for a day on such occasions as the late funeral of President Garfield. There are, according to the *Hour*, "10,000,000 working people in the country who average at least $2 a day, which makes $20,000,000, and then there is the interruption to commerce and financial transactions and the loss of profit on labor. An unexpected stoppage of a week-day's work must cost $50,000,000."

The question of transferring the Russian capital from St. Petersburg to Moscow is being agitated in the Russian newspapers. The warmest advocates of the project are the Panslavists, who look upon St. Petersburg as the typical representative of the "traitorous reforms" of Peter the Great, and upon Moscow as the true center of Russian patriotism. On the other side it is urged that the history of Russia as a great European power dates from the foundation of St. Petersburg, and that the patriotism of Moscow is merely of a local or provincial kind. St. Petersburg is not only the seat of the imperial court, but of Russia's social and literary world.

The destruction of property by fire during September, in the United States and Canada, amounted to $13,250,000. The forest fires in Michigan and elsewhere swept away $4,000,000 worth of property at the lowest estimate. The *Commercial Bulletin* says that, apart from the three great conflagrations of modern American history, it cannot recall a single month so full of fiery disaster to the country as that of September, 1881, and it adds: "With every allowance for pure accident and elemental adversities—such as the drought, lightning, etc.—the great bulk of all this waste must still be charged upon that disregard of plain precautions which has started and fed these flames. Care might have prevented nine-tenths of the fires. But carelessness, in fact, has been the incendiary, and for carelessness there is no other penalty than loss, in which too often the innocent suffer more than the guilty."

A Chinese philosopher, writing in the *Shenpao*, claims that the reason why so many rulers in Europe and America are assassinated, and so few in China, is because the former countries do not possess the elaborate ceremonials of the latter. He says: Westerns possess few ceremonies; superiors and inferiors are commingled, and subjects venture on their poisonous plots. China has her shortcomings, and her ceremonial may be excessive, but the highest authority never falls into such abeyance. Western ceremonial is scant and the chief power is often laid low. The lack of ceremony in the West brings constant trouble and fear of death to the prince, but the excess of it in China saves her at any rate from this and makes the state stable. The guards of the Russian emperor and his inability to go abroad, though preserving him, are not so efficient as would be the enforcement of decorum. The title of prince and minister without the ceremonial bring inevitable revolution.

Mr. D. H. Williams, secretary of the Michigan Fire Relief committee of Pittsburg, has made a thorough inspection of the burned district and, for the satisfaction of persons who have contributed to relieve the sufferers, makes public a report in which he says that the funds and supplies have been wisely and efficiently distributed. There is general satisfaction among the beneficiaries, and unbounded gratitude to the donors. Mr. Williams adds: The fact that planting time had arrived when the fires occurred, and that there is now a larger acreage sown than ever before, is the best evidence of the efficiency of the committees. There are no fences, but the crop is in no danger of being destroyed by roving cattle. A little watching and an abundance of green grass will protect the wheat for the present. The extent of land under improvement was not anticipated by me, and the most astonishing fact was that, with such an area of improved land, so much destruction was possible. It is fare to see so much good farming land in one body as exists in this region. To sum up my observations, they lead me to believe that there has been a widespread destruction of property, great loss of human life, and a vast number of people requiring relief thrown upon the charity of the country.

It is a matter of discussion what Congress will do for Mrs. Garfield. In this connection the acts passed in relation to Mrs. Mary Lincoln are of interest. There were three acts of the kind passed by Congress. The first act, passed when Congress came together after the assassination of President Lincoln, was as follows: "That the secretary of the treasury pay, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to Mrs. Mary Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, or in the event of her death before payment, to the lawful heirs, the sum of $25,000; provided always that any sum of money which shall have been paid to the personal representatives of the said Abraham Lincoln since his death, on account of his salary as President of the United States for the current year, shall be deducted from the said sum of $25,000." The amount thus granted to Mrs. Lincoln was the salary of the President for one year. Now that salary is $50,000. In February, 1866, Congress passed the following act: "That all letters and packets carried by post to and from Mary Lincoln, widow of the late Abraham Lincoln, be carried free of postage during her natural life." In 1870 the following act was passed: "That the secretary of the interior be and is hereby authorized to place the name of Mary Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, deceased, late President of the United States, on the pension roll, and allow and pay her a pension at the rate of $3,000 per annum from and after the passage of this act."

A MOUNTAIN'S FALL.

Details of the Terrible Land Slide in Switzerland.

A correspondent sends to a New York paper the following graphic account of the destruction of Elms, Switzerland, through a land slip:

The end came on the evening of Sunday, the 11th inst.—in the "Saints Calendar," current in some parts of Switzerland, marked "The day of Felix, saint of luck and happiness." During the early part of that day the people of Elms went about their usual vocations in the usual way and without any anticipation of the terrible calamity which was so near at hand. The little church was well attended, hearty dinners were eaten, and afterward, as was the custom, most of the people, old and young, walked through the meadows or upon the mountain side. At 5 o'clock in the evening, while many of them were still out in the fields, some one was heard crying, "Look at the Plattenberg—look at the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and are still alive say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone had slipped down the Tschingelalp, burying fine houses and covering acres of good land. Men and women were at the same time seen struggling among the ruins, and from all sides, friends, neighbors and relatives hurried to their aid. Unhappily, they hurried also to a terrible death. Even while they were engaged in their work of love the mountain above them moved again. This time the sound of thunder was not far distant, but only too near at hand. The pine trees on the grassy slopes were seen to sink. A great cloud of dust and steam covered the whole valley; thousands of tons of stone were hurled through the air. An all-overpowering wind pressure carried everything before it. There was a terrible crash, a sound of madly-rushing torrents, and all was still. Then the dust and smoke cleared away, the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and it was seen that far as the eye could reach the once blooming Seruf valley was covered with from forty to 160 feet of black stone, moraine, dirt and slime. Forty dwelling-houses, the best in the village, together with dozens of stables and outbuildings, were buried far out of sight, torn to pieces by the air-pressure, strewn broadcast over the moraine. One hundred and eleven of the people of Elm were swallowed up in the general ruin. At last twelve strangers—Italian quarrymen—shared their fate. It was useless to think of rescuing any who fell in that awful death slough. Far out upon its edge, from a strong house, which was only partially covered with the slime and stone, four persons—a graybeard of ninety-one years and a mother with two children—were taken out badly injured, but alive. Every other human being overtaken in the path of the avalanche was forever buried out of human sight. Fifteen lumps of torn and bleeding flesh, masses of pulp without shape or form, were taken out. The others rest in a grave so deep and strong that no man can uncover it. In one house thirteen persons who sat at a christening feast, and who are known to have joked with each other in regard to the old superstition about thirteen at table, were swallowed up as they sat. On a lonely hillside, out of the way of danger, an old man and woman lived with their only son. After the first slide of the mountain the father and son hurried down to the help of their friends. They were swallowed up with the rest. A childless widow, who has become a chattering idiot, now occupies the lonely dwelling. Daughters who hurried to the help of their fathers, mothers who would have saved their children, lovers who strove to aid their brides, were together buried in the awful moraine. It is feared that many of those who have been left behind will share the fate of the poor creature who, mourning a husband and a son, has gone mad with sorrow.

The extent of the land slip is almost beyond belief. To give anything like an adequate idea of it is no easy task. It is in no way to be compared to the Goldau slip of 1806, when, as will be remembered, 457 people lost their lives. In the latter case the mountains slid down and covered the village. At Elm a great mass of the Plattenberg, a mass 1,500 feet wide, at least 2,000 feet high above the valley, and according to the engineers, from sixty to 100 feet deep, fell over upon the village, its farms, gardens and meadows. Tons of rocks were dashed entirely across the valley, and now rest quietly 300 and 400 feet high upon the hillside. The air-pressure was so great that houses were lifted up from their foundations and carried a distance of 1,000 feet. A barn built of heavy logs, and filled with hay, was carried entirely across the valley and overturned 200 feet high on the mountain opposite the Plattenberg. An iron bridge which crossed the Serruf was torn up, carried scores of feet away from its abutments, and now rests on end, more than half buried in mud and loose stone. The whole valley, as far as it can be seen from the village inn, which is still standing, very closely resembles the bed of a glacier which has receded. As I have already stated, the masses of stone and earth which have fallen are everywhere piled up to a height of very many feet. At least 500 acres are covered in this way. The river Serruf has made for itself a new channel through the debris, and has flooded and ruined much of the land below, land which was not directly harmed by the avalanche of stone. So in one way or another the whole valley has been injured beyond all hope of repair. The loss in property will reach not less than 2,000,000*l.*; at the lowest estimate 123 people have lost their lives. The State engineers, fearing further land-slides, have forbidden those who have escaped to return to the houses which are standing, and in consequence more than 800 men, women and children who, but a few days, were prosperous and well-to-do, are now almost without a roof to cover them.

Newspapers have become teachers. They form and give direction to the public mind on all public questions, the public view them as the work of men who stand above mediocrity in education, general acquirements and natural ability; and they should consequently be edited with a dignity, accuracy and ability becoming their high office.—*Peoria Transcript.*

Successful Skin-Grafting.

Some months ago we made reference to a case of skin-grafting in this city, performed by Dr. John Deyo, and we may now state that the operation has proved wholly successful and the highest expectations have been realized. It will be remembered that the person operated on was Mary Foster, a little girl of ten years, who lives in Mill street, who had the misfortune to plunge into and overturn on herself a boiler of very hot water. The upper part of her body was badly scalded, particularly her right arm, which was wholly divested of skin from the shoulder to the tips of the fingers. The other burns got along well, but this arm caused the child untold pain, while the great discharge from it was necessarily very weakening.

It was at this state of the case that the physician named resorted to the skin-grafting operation, which he performed on Sunday morning, May 1, calling into service four or five young men who volunteered to take part in the interesting case of surgery. These young men bared their arms, and one at a time sat close to the bedside of the suffering child, while Dr. Deyo carefully cut from one arm of each man the grafts of skin and quickly placed them, while yet full of vitality, on the exposed, quivering flesh on the scalded arm of the little sufferer. Some of "the boys" had sore arms for a few days, but this was little thought of, and they now have the satisfaction of knowing that their self-denial was not in vain. The second day after the operation was performed it was found that about three-fourths of the transplanted grafts of skin had adhered and taken root, and the little white specks slowly grew in circumference till they covered the intervening space, and joining together gradually began to afford protection from air of which the injured arm was in need.

The arm was pretty well healed in six weeks, and the child was able to be about, but since then she had in play twice hurt the still tender limb—once in the latter part of June and once in July, the latter time being struck with a piece of sod, which raised a very large blood blister. The set-backs have been overcome, however and the arm may now be said to have got completely well—just as good as ever. There is not a cicatrix in its whole length—not as much as there is on the arms of some of the boys who supplied grafts—and the skin is as soft and smooth as any of the rest on the girl's body. It only differs from the rest in being somewhat red in color, but this redness is gradually passing away, while the girl uses the arm with perfect freedom and seems to have in it the normal quantity of strength.—*Newbury (N. Y.) Journal.*

An Interrupted Wedding.

Uniontown (Ky.) society has been given a shock from which it will take a long time to recover. The trouble culminated at a wedding. The about-to-be bride was young, refined, and, as her masculine acquaintances aver, beautiful. The groom had been introduced into the best circle of Uniontown people a few months before, and had completely won the confidence of the young woman's parents. He was handsome, scholarly and of fascinating manners. A week or so ago the friends of the bride met at the church where the ceremony was to be performed, and soon the bride herself entered, with flowing veil and rosy cheeks. The clergyman, whose services had been secured for the occasion, eyed the bridegroom closely, and when the latter drew near the good man dropped his book as though both amazed and horrified.

"I cannot marry this man," he said, recovering quickly.

"Why not, sir?" asked the bride's father, rising in anger from his seat and moving toward the clergyman.

"Because I married this man to another woman at Evansville, Ind., less than a year ago."

Some of the ladies fainted, the bridegroom-elect gesticulated violent protestations, and the wedding party collapsed. Investigation showed that the charge was well founded.

Remarkable Instance of Longevity.

A correspondent writing from Tejon ranch informs us of the death of a notable Indian which recently took place there. He was one of the original neophytes that the first San Franciscoan friar, who landed at San Diego in 1769 under the leadership of the great missionary Junipero Sera, collected around them. About this time the first permanent Spanish settlements in California were made, and as he had a distinct recollection of that event he furnishes one of the most remarkable instances of longevity on record. His reputed age was 115 years, but he was probably older. He was a well-grown youth, or probably a young man, at the time the mission of San Fernando was founded, in the erection of which he assisted. His baptismal name was Francisco, and his Indian patronymic Te-ne-cos, and he was usually called Teneco. He was appointed alcalde by the first Franciscan friar in charge of that mission over the Tejon or Ten Noef and other surrounding tribes of Indians, and, deriving his authority from that ancient source and his personal qualities, he has ever since been chief of the Tejan Indians.—*Kern County Californian.*

Newspapers seem to us to show a marvelous improvement within the last fifteen years, and the promise of a great growth toward a high ideal. Here and now we do not define the improvement and the promise. But the marked tendencies toward the condensation, the culling, the purifying and the pertinence of news; toward conscientious and thorough work in reporting and reviewing; toward embracing all objects of human interest, with preference for the best; toward independence in every line of action and thought, social, religious and political; toward the elevation and stimulation of the best there is in humanity—these deserve consideration and encouragement.—*Springfield Republican.*

When distributing lately at Birnam the prizes of the Highland games, Lady John Manners said that she believed the Scottish peasantry owed their great muscular power to oatmeal and milk, and she wished the English peasantry would live on the like fare. Lady John has excellent authority for her belief. Twenty years ago a most careful parliamentary report declared that the declension of the physique of the Northumbrians was coeval with their abandonment of oatmeal and milk for wheaten bread and tea.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1881.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1881.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1881.

THE ELECTION.—Yesterday's election news are not of a definite character. New York has probably gone Democratic. Virginia very doubtful, with the chances in favor of the re-adjusters. From Pennsylvania nothing. No returns from New Jersey. Lowery, dem., is believed to be elected governor in Mississippi. Massachusetts elects Long, rep., governor, by 20,000 to 30,000 majority.

—Thanksgiving day has been set for Thursday, November 25th.

—Boston has decided to have a world's fair.

—A steamer recently sunk in the Mississippi river and thirty lives were lost.

—A strange disease is carrying off numbers of the finest milch cows about Staunton and Lynchburg, Va.

PUGILISTS.—Frank White and Geo. Holden will go to Canada and fight for $2,500 a side, on the 16th inst.

—The colored Industrial Fair at Raleigh, last week, was a success. Hon. Z. B. Vance was the orator of the day.

—Of the six Southern Methodist Bishops only two are able to do active duty—Bishops McTyeire and Keener.

—Snowstorms and gales throughout England. In the midland counties the snow is two feet deep in several places.

—The failure of the mast crop in the Virginia mountains is forcing the bears, which are quite numerous, down into the settled districts in search of food.

—Mr. James Norwood, of Hillsboro, was the "champion premium taker" at the last State fair. He carried off 28 premiums, aggregating about $150.

—Elections were held on Tuesday, in Colorado, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Wisconsin.

—We learn from the *Landmark* that within the past month fifteen car loads of corn from Chicago, have been delivered at Statesville at 90 cents per bushel, all for distillation.

—The committee of military officers from Boston, investigating charges of misconduct against the 9th Massachusetts regiment while at Richmond, found an astonishing amount of testimony, which has not yet been made public.

—Recently a man went to the White House in Washington, with a pistol, but was arrested before doing any damage. Another one appeared and claimed the Presidency of the United States. Too many cranks and idiots apparently, at large.

THE STATE JOURNAL.—Col. John D. Cameron, late editor of the *Durham Recorder*, a veteran journalist, and one of the most eloquent writers of the State," has become associated with John Spelman, Esq., in the conduct of the Raleigh *State Journal*.

The *State Journal* will shortly be issued weekly and semi-weekly. The terms of the semi-weekly will be $3; and of the weekly $2 a year.

—The funeral service in Berlin. Germany, in memory of the late President Garfield, was celebrated on Sunday a week in the principal saloon of the town hall, which was draped in mourning. There was a large attendance of notables and an oration was delivered by Professor Gneist. There was choral music at the opening and close of the service.

—A mild winter is predicted by meteorologists. As the excessive heat of this summer is attributed to the increase of solar radiation and that increase is due to violent disturbances in the sun's chromosphere, where spots of vast magnitude, folfollowing a period of quiescence, began to show themselves in May and have continued since, it is argued that the temperature in artic latitudes is, and will continue to be, above the average, and that comparatively mild currents of air will be wafted down upon us during the winter.

—Four hundred and sixty-one persons were arrested during the year for depredations upon the United States mails. Four hundred and twenty-four of these persons were prosecuted in United States courts and thirty-seven in the courts of the several States where the arrests were made. In the United States Courts 188 persons were convicted, twenty-six were acquitted, three escaped, five forfeited bail, proceedings against twenty-four were dismissed, one was killed while resisting arrest, and one hundred and seventy-seven await trial.

—The State Fair of the colored people, known as the North Carolina Industrial Fair, took place at Raleigh last week. It was the third annual fair. Gov. Jarvis formally opened the exposition, delivering an address full of wise and pertinent suggestions. He warmly congratulated the colored people upon the exhibition, which is a highly creditable one. A number of other addresses by the Mayor, State Commissioner of Agriculture, and others were made. On Thursday Senator Vance was escorted to the grounds in a phaeton, drawn by four spanking grays, and escorted by three companies of colored troops, and two companies of firemen. The Senator spoke for an hour, of which the *News-Observer* says, "which from beginning to end, was full of admirable things, good, cheering, commendatory words for the colored people. It was an earnest, intensely practical talk, with just enough of wit and humor to give it zest." We are glad to learn from those who are cognizant of the facts, and that the fair has been a financial success as well as in other respects. —*Messenger*.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.—The November number of this old and ably conducted Agricultural paper is before us, full of interest and valuable information to the Agriculturist.

CHANGE OF FORM AND TIME OF PUBLICATION.

From the beginning of the new volume, January 1st, the *American Farmer* will be published as a semi-monthly, the date of issue being about the 1st and 15th of each month. Its form will be changed to a broad quarto of from twelve to sixteen pages, each of four columns, and every number will contain an average of as much reading matter as is given in the present monthly editions. Subscribers will thus not only receive twice as frequent issues, with the corresponding opportunities of more quickly acquiring the agricultural information they contain, but they will also have the advantage of nearly double the quantity of reading which is now afforded in the existing shape.

—An exchange says seven large spots variegated the disc of the sun yesterday. They were not widely scattered, and might be considered as one group. These spots form the most striking view yet presented during this season of maximam sun spots. Scattered among the large spots are innumerable small ones that appear no larger than a pin's head. An eighth large spot is forming. This wonderful display of solar forces can be easily observed by all possessing telescopes without danger. Even a spy-class fixed so that it can be turned to the sun without using the eye, will throw an image of the sun on a white screen. This image can be brought into focus by sliding the tube or moving the screen to and from the eye-piece until the edge of the sun appears sharp and the spots become visible. The spots can be easily seen on an image three-quarters of an inch in diameter. But the eye must be kept from the instrument or serious injury will result. The earth storms seem to respond to the great storms in the sun with remarkable precision. It is to be hoped that the sun observations during the summer, in connection with the meteorological records, will throw some light upon the exact nature of the influence of the sun storms upon the earth.—*News-Observer*.

—It is stated that the price paid for Confederate bonds has been $17.50. There certainly must have been some kind of a speculation in the bonds and the knowing ones may have realized handsomely.

But here comes the following from the London *Pall Mall Gazate*:

"There is no truth whatever in the statement that there is a large amount of money in the Bank of England which was deposited to the credit of the Confederate government and is available for the payment of Confederate bonds. We believe it does not hold a single penny and doubt whether there is any such money in any bank in this country. The whole story is a gross fabrication and fitting product of a speculation that has no substantial foundation." The *Times* in its financial article last week says: "We are able to state that the Bank of England does not hold a penny available for the payment of Confederate bonds. The public should beware of buying bonds intrinsically worthless on the faith of such rumors."

—To cough and at the same time be entertaining is impossible. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will reach your case. Price 25 cents a bottle.

ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

North Carolina's Excellent Exhibit.

From Commissioner McGhee's Interview in Raleigh News-Observer.

There are, as has been before stated, two North Carolina exhibits, each of about the same size, one by the Department of Agriculture, the other by the Richmond & Danville Railroad. These act in perfect concert. The object of both being to show our resources, the State has a dual exhibit. The distinctive display of the department covers some 1,500 feet. The peculiarity of it is its vast range of minerals and metals, for while some states show large specimens of a few things only, the aim of our department has been not to show great masses, but just enough to indicate the extent to which minerals, etc., occur and their quality. Many of our minerals have a purely scientific value. These are not shown, but only those which are proper in an industrial exposition, as showing sources of immediate wealth. Professor Hidden has promised to send his magnificent display of gems from our mines. There has actually been an unbelief in the minds of persons at the exposition that one State alone could show such a variety of mineral wealth. Therefore all the exhibits have been given distinct labels, indicating localities, and also the exact per centage of minerals in each ore. These labels all bear Prof. W. C. Kerr's signature, so that both in quality and variety we verify them The arrangement is as artistic as possible, though more space is needed. Ten days ago additional space was secured, and last week yet more room was obtained, and still our exhibit goes forward. In the way of ores shown are extremely rich gold, copper, iron, etc.

Of marble and granite building stones there are ten choice specimens, all highly polished. The more beautiful marbles are from Cherokee, Macon and Swain counties. The extreme beauty of these attracts attention. The famous mill stones from Moore county, said to be the equal of any in the world, are noteworthy. It is said that in Moore one of these stones has been in use a hundred years.

Corundum, that rare and valuable mineral, is shown in its choicest condition. This and the mica exhibit are among the finest ever made in the world and are distinctively North Carolinian. More corundum is mined here than in all the other States. There are no less than 56 mica mines of importance, and this State is almost the sole scource of supply. As yet no coal is shown, but some is on the way from the Chatham mines.

Of woods no less than 112 varieties are admirably exhibited. These are from the live oak of our coasts to the white pine and balsam of our mountains. This display of wood is another feature of the exhibition, for no other State comes near it in extent, variety or beauty.

Marl, that valuable fertilizer, in which our State has so much wealth, is shown from no less than 30 counties, ranging from Carteret to Johnston. The agricultural value of each specimen, exactly calculated, is put upon the vessel containing it. Besides these, there are blocks of marl exhibited. This portion of our exhibit is also unapproached.

The jute exhibit is especially meritorious, specimens grown in several counties being shown. They equal in size and quality the best India jute, as is evidenced by comparison with the latter, which is shown in abundance. Some specimen stalks are 25 feet in length.

The exhibit of grains is especially noteworthy. It is not made for quantity, but for quality. That of wheat attracts unusual attention for marked excellence. Repeated inquiries for the North Carolina wheat, for seed, are made. Alamance, Mecklenburg and Cabarrus show the finest specimens, the first named county taking precedence perhaps, though some from Cabarrus weighs sixty pounds to the bushel. Lowland rice is shown in grain and in the sheaf, and is as choice as the choicest,

The preeminent exhibit is that of our famous yellow leaf, "bright" tobacco. This is shown from no less than ten counties, embracing the whole "golden belt" extending from Madison to Granyille. In this North Carolina stands incontestably alone. At least one hundred specimens are shown.

In wines we are likewise unapproached and unapproachable. Green, Gaarett & Hunt also have splendid specimens of champagne, claret, hock, port, etc., as well as cognac brandy, which only needs age to make it equal to that of France. The wine exhibit is commented upon by every visitor to the Exposition. In all some ten varieties are shown.

In cotton goods the display is admirable, and will bear comparison with that of any State. The products of ten mills are shown.

The department will have on exhibition ten bales of cotton, each thought worthy to compete for the great prize of $1,000. The choicest woolen goods are not yet displayed, but they are of the highest quality. There are cassimeres of the highest degree of excellence, zephyr, and beautiful colored yarns.

Finally the silk exhibit is marvellous. All stages, the cocoon, floss silk, and spun and reeled silk are shown in a glass case six feet square. Six of our counties make exhibits in this peculiar article, and again is North Carolina preeminent, for the only other silk shown is some in cocoons by Texas and Kansas.

Taking the wide range of our exhibition our State is easily and undeniably first. So says Director-General Cimball, and such is the verdict of the public.

Get out Doors.

The close confinement of all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them until they get out doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, and rosy cheeks in them. They cost but a trifle.—*Christian Recorder*.

LET US BE THANKFUL.

The President Issues His Proclamation of Thanksgiving.

WASHINGTON, November 7.—The following proclamation was issued from the Department of State to-day: *By the President of these United States of America—Proclamation.*

It has long been the pious custom of our people with the closing of the year to look back upon blessings brought to them in the changing course of the seasons, and to return solemn thanks to the All-Giving source from whom they flow, and although at this period, when the fallen leaf admonishes us that the time of our sacred duty is at hand our nation still lies in the shadow of a great bereavement, and the mourning which has filled our hearts still finds its sorrowful expression toward the God before whom we but lately bowed in grief and supplication, yet the countless benefits which have been showered upon us during the past twelve months call for our fervent gratitude, and make it fitting hat we should rejoice with thankfulness that the Lord, in his infinite mercy has most signally favored our country and our people. Peace without and prosperity within, have been vouchsafed to us; no pestilence has visited our shores; abundant privileges of freedom, which our fathers left us in their wisdom, are still our increasing heritage, and if in the parts our vast domain some affliction has visited our brethren in their forest homes yet even this calamity has been tempered, and in a manner sanctified by the generous compassion for the sufferers which has been called forth throughout our land. For all these things it is mete that the voice of a nation should go up to God in devout homage.

Wherefore, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do recommend that all the people observe Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of November, instant, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer by ceasing so far as they may from their secular labors and meeting in their several places for worship, there to join in ascribing honor and praise to Almighty God, whose goodness has been so manifest in our history and in our lives, offering earnest prayer that His bounties may continue to us and to our children.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this, the fourth day of November in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and Sixth.

CHESTER A ARTHUR.

By the President.

JAS. G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

Annual Report of Treasurer Gilfillan.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2.—The annual report of United States Treasurer Gilfillan, showing the operations of the Treasury for the fiscal year ended Sune 30, 1881, was submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury to-day. Transactions of the Treasurer's office for the year may be summarized as follows: The receipts of the government show an increase over those for 1880 from every source. The increase in receipts from customs is $11,637,611; from internal revenue $11,255,011; sales of public land $1,185,356; miscellaneous $8,177,702; total increase is $27,255,680, which, added to a net reduction in the expenditures of $6,930,070, makes an increase in surplus revenue of $34,185,751; net revenues were $360,782,292; net expenditures $260,712,887. Excess of receipts over payments was $100,069,405, of which $90,872,261 was expended in the redemption of the public debt. The receipts from the postoffice were $39,759,664; expenditures, $38,544,935; of which am'ts. $24,702,703 were received and expended directly by postmasters. During the year fifty-four national banks were organized and twenty went into voluntary liquidation leaving 2,135 doing business at the close of the year. No national bank failed during the year. The semi-annual duty accruing from national banks was $8,493,552, all of which has been collected and paid into the treasury, making the total amount collected by the Treasurer since the establishment of the national bank system in 1869, $108,855,021. The amount of United States currency outstanding at the close of the year was $362,539,437. There was redeemed during the year $61,069,974, making the total redemption since the first issue of currency $2,3000,241,073. U. S. bonds amounting to $85,304,0 0 were retired during the year. The aggregate amount retired by purchase, redemption, conversion and exchange from March 11, 1869, to the close of the fiscal year was $1,983,334,800.

THE RICHEST FIND YET.—Since the article upon the outside of this paper entitled "Emeralds," was written, a remarkable pocket of emeralds, quartz crystals, etc., has been found in the "Hiddenite mine" in Alexander county. On Monday last an open cavity, having the extraordinary dimensions of sixteen feet in depth, three feet in width and 7 feet in horizontal length was discovered. The surface walls of this cavity were thickly studded with beautiful crystals of quartz, varying in size from those weighing twenty-five pounds down to minute crystals. Fully four hundred pounds were obtained in all. In this pocket were discovered nine of the finest emeralds ever found at the mine, or in the whole United States.

We had the pleasure of viewing the "find" yesterday. In color they were fine grass-green and were for the most part transparent. They were all twelve-sided and had a smooth flat termination. Placed end to end their combined length was over thirty inches. The largest emerald was eight and a half inches long and an average diameter of one inch. The others varied in length from two to six inches.

Mr. Hidden states that the finding of emeralds of the above size is without a parellel in the mineral history of the United States, and he doubts if the famous mines of Siberia have yet produced emeralds of these lengths and color. He says further, that while those North Carolina emeralds are not quite equal in color to those from Bogota, in South America, yet they are fully equal to anything from other known localities, and as the work progresses in Alexander county and the mine gets deeper, the color and transparency of the emeralds improve.—*Landmark*.

EDUCATION AND CRIME.—It is generally believed, though without any fixed and sufficient data for the belief, that education removes the motive to crime, and consequently that the criminal class is mainly recruited from the ranks of the illiterate. Yet there are many persons who think differently. They hold that an educated man can make a greater rascal, if he becomes one at all, than one who is uneducated. A gentleman, of Philadelphia, recently made the remark that sixty per cent. of the convicts in the prisons of that city were high school graduates. At the National Educational Association convention recently held at Atlanta, Ga., Mr. Wickersham, formerly superintendent of the schools of Pennsylvania, presented some statistics on the subject, which are of special interest in the settlement of the question.

He stated, that of 487 convicts received into the eastern penitentiary of the State in 1870, 39 had attended public schools, 12 had been educated in private schools, and 5 attended colleges; 82 had never attended schools of any kind. In 1880, the number of convicts was 463, and only 13 of these had attended high schools, 8 of them for only one year. Of the 2,307 persons convicted and sent to the jails and workhouses of the State in 1879, only 13 had attained any high degree of education, and it was a question whether any of these had been graduated from a high school or college. More than one-sixth of the convicts admitted to two Pennsylvania penitentiaries in 1879 and 1880 were wholly illiterate. And, in the opinion of Mr. Wickersham, more than one sixth of all the crime in the country is committed by persons wholly illiterate, and one third by persons practically illiterate, and that the proportion of criminals among the illiterate is about ten times greater than among those who have had the elements of a common school education, or more. And in this opinion he is fully supported by men who are conversant with prison statistics everywhere. —*Exchange*.

WASHINGTON, November 1.—The debt statement issued to-day shows the decrease of the public debt during the month to be $13,321,458.81; cash in the treasury $240,960,971.22; gold certificates, $5,207,920; silver certificates, $66,327.970; certificates of deposit outstanding, $8,310,000; refunding certificates, $598,050; fractional currency, $7,093,151,92; cash balance available to-day, $144,493,448.88.

—The gentlemen who assayed to serenade Miss L., a few evenings since, should have had 'clear' throats, and their efforts would have been better appreciated. Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup is the best remedy extant for a 'thick' or congested condition of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes, giving instant relief.

—There are six factories in operation in about six miles of Hickory, making sawed heart pine shingles, some run by steam and others by water. Each factory produces from 7,000 to 15,000 shingles per day. Notwithstanding they are being turned out at the rate of about 60,000 per day, the increased demand for them is so great that orders are far in advance of the supply.—*Hickory Press*.

—The freight train which left Raleigh Saturday morning, ran off the track near Morrisville, smashing up seven cars. The accident was caused by a broken rail.

—The last of the cargo of iron brought here for the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad, but which was afterwards sold to the Florida Western Railroad, is now being shipped at this port for the latter road.—*Wilmington Review*.

Rheumatism

Neuralgia, Sprains.

Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, **It never fails.** It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely veg table remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.

Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London: I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms of the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have regained my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.

G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER.

E. York says: I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.

Barton Seaman says: Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a *never-failing* remedy for rheumatism and lameness.

Mr. Burditt writes: It *never fails* to give relief in cases of rheumatism.

Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,

(SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,)

FOR THE COMING YEAR.

With the November number began the new series under the title of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, which will be, in fact, *a new, enlarged, and improved* "SCRIBNER." The page is somewhat longer and wider, admitting pictures of a larger size, and INCREASING THE READING MATTER ABOUT

FOURTEEN ADDITIONAL PAGES.

The following is a summary of the leading features of the new series for the year:

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. BURNETT (author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc.), entitled "Through One Administration," a story of Washington life.

STUDIES OF THE LOUISIANA CREOLES. By Geo W Cable, author of "The Grandissimes," etc. A series of illustrated papers, on the traditions and romance of Creole life in Louisiana.

A NEW NOVEL BY W D HOWELLS (author of "A Chance Acquaintance," etc), dealing with characteristic features of American life.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCRIPTURE. A "HISTORY OF ANCIENT SCRIPTURE," by Mrs Lucy M Mitchell, to contain the finest series of engravings yet published of the masterpieces of sculpture. There will also be papers on "LIVING ENGLISH SCULPTORS," and on the "YOUNGER SCULPTORS OF AMERICA," fully illustrated.

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK, by Richard Grant White. A popular and valuable series, to be illustrated with wonderful completeness and beauty.

ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION IN AMERICA will be treated in a way to interest both householder and housewife; with many practical as well as beautiful illustrations from recent designs.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE 19th CENTURY, Biographical sketches, accompanied by portraits of George Eliot, Robert Browning, Rev Frederick W Robertson (by the late Dean Stanley), Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Cardinal Newman, and of the younger American authors, Wm D Howells, Henry James Jr, and George W Cable.

SCENES OF THACKERAY'S HAWTHORNE'S, AND GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS. Succeeding the illustrated series on the scenes of Dickens's novels.

THE REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE. Arrangements have been made for a series of able papers on this pressing political question.

POETRY AND POETS IN AMERICA. There will be studies of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and others, by E. C. Stedman.

STORIES, SKETCHES, AND ESSAYS may be expected from Charles Dudley Warner, W D Howells, "Mark Twain," Edward Eggleston, Henry James, Jr, John Muir, Miss Gordon Cumming, "H H," Geo W Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, A C Redwood, F D Millet, Noah Brooks, Frank R Stockton, Constance F Woolson, H H Boyesen, Albert Stickney, Washington Gladden, John Burroughs, Farke Godwin, Tommaso Salvini, Henry King, Ernest Ingersoll, E L Godkin, E B Washburne, and many others.

One or two papers on "The Adventures of the Tile Club," and an original Life of Bewick, the engraver, by Austin Dobson, are among other features to be later announced.

THE EDITORAL DEPARTMENTS throughout will be unusually complete, and "The World's Work" will be considerably enlarged.

The price of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will remain at $4.00 per year (35 cents a number). The portrait (size 21x27) of the late Dr Holland, issued just before his death, photographed from a life-size drawing by Wyatt Eaton, will possess a new interest to the readers of this magazine. It is offered at $5.00 retail, or together wite THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for $6.50. Subscripiions are taken by the publishers, and by booksellers and news-dealers everywhere.

THE CENTURY CO.,
UNION SQUARE, NEW-YORK.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 60 to	$1 80
Wheat, (red) " "	1 50 to	1 70
Corn, per bushel,	75 to	75
Oats, " "	60 to	70
Rye, " "	1 00 to	1 25
Barley, per bush	00 to	05
Flour, per hundred,	3 75 to	4 25
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	00 to	00
Peas, (white,) " "	00 to	00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to	00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to	00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to	00
Pork,	8 to	10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	10 to	10
" Hams	10 to	12
Green Apples per bushel,	50 to	0 80
Eggs, per dozen,	15 to	00
Butter, per pound,	10 to	20
Tallow, "	6 to	0
Beeswax, " "	21 to	21
Flax Seed, per bushel	80 to	0 90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	70 to	1 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	70 to	1 00
Cabbage, per pound,	00 to	0
Chickens, per dozen,	1 50 to	2 00
Hay, per hundred,	50 to	60
Fodder, per hundred bdls.,	00 to	00
Shucks, per hundred lbs.,	00 to	00
Blackberries.	0 to	00
Whortleberries	0 to	00
Dried Cherries	0 to	00
Dried Apples	0 to	00

Winston Tobacco Market.

[CORRECTED BY A. B. GORRELL.]

Lugs Common Green	3 00 to	3 50
" " Red	4 50 to	5 50
" Good	5 50 to	6 50
Smokers, common green bight	4 00 to	5 00
" " bright	5 50 to	6 50
" good	7 00 to	8 50
" fine	9 00 to	11 00
" fancy	12 00 to	18 00
Good, rich, ripe, sweet fillers	9 00 to	17 00
Cutters, thin, bright leaf	12 00 to	18 00
Leaf, common green	5 00 to	7 00
" " red	6 00 to	8 50
" good, waxy red	9 00 to	12 00
Wrappers Common dark	15 00 to	20 00
" Good, red	30 00 to	40 00
" com., mahoghany,	12 50 to	18 00
" good, rich, "	20 00 to	25 00
" fine	40 00 to	50 00
" common bright	16 00 to	18 00
" good	30 00 to	40 00
" fine	40 00 to	50 00
" fancy	50 00 to 60 00 to	75 00

FIVE LOTS IN WINSTON FOR SALE. —Two in West Winston, near the residence of W. B. Glenn, and three East of the Court-House, near the residence of Christ. Tavis. All good building lots. Apply early at this office.

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A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient **tonic**; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms,* such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc.* **The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.** Sold by all druggists. Write for the A B C Book (32 pp. of useful and amusing reading)—*sent free.* **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.**

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Good Coffee at from 15 to 25 cents. Best qualities of Sugar. Good Tea, as cheap as the cheapest. Best Rice, Barley, Hominy, Grits and Oatmeal. Best quality of Spices constantly on hand.

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Salem, N. C., May 12, 1881.-18.

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NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of the late Andrew Spaugh, on this 24th day of September, 1881, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Andrew Spaugh, deceased to make immediate payment and settlement to me, or the claims will be put in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said Estate will present them to me lawfully authenticated, on or before the 1st day of October, 1882, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK,
Pub. Adm'r of Forsyth County.

September, 24th 1881.

The Revised Testament.—A few copies of the Revised Testament at the Salem Bookstore. All should have a copy. A very good "old and new version on opposite pages" edition.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.—A new supply of Albums at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

$66 a week in your town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, May 15 1881.	No. 47 Daily.	No. 43. Daily.	No. 19. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	4 05 a m	4 15 p m	6 30 a m
" Salisbury	5 56 a m	6 07 p m	11 16 a m
" High Point	7 25 a m	7 25 p m	1 55 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 03 a m	7 57 p m	3 10 p m
Leave Greensboro	9 40 a m	....	6 25 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	11 45 a m	....	11 02 p m
" Durham	12 23 p m	....	12 31 a m
" Raleigh	1 40 p m	....	3 11 a m
Leave "	1 45 p m	3 41 a m	....
Arrive Goldsboro	4 00 p m	8 30 a m	....

No. 47.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily except Sundays. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 43.—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, May 15, 1881.	No. 48. Daily.	No. 42. Daily.	No. 20. Daily. ex. Sun
Leave Goldsboro	1 25 p m	....	4 20 p m
Arrive Raleigh	3 50 p m	....	9 25 p m
Leave "	3 55 p m	....	9 55 p m
Arrive Durham	5 09 p m	....	12 19 a m
" Hillsboro	5 48 p m	....	1 45 a m
" Greensboro	7 57 p m	....	6 00 a m
Leave "	8 17 p m	9 31 a m	m...
Arrive High Point	9 12 p m	10 02 a m	....
" Salisbury	10 32 p m	11 15 a m	....
" Charlotte	12 20 a m	1 00 p m	....

No 48.—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch, at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west

No. 42.—Connects at Air-Line Junc. with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west; at Charlotte with C., C. & A. Railroad for all points South and South-East.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily			9 40 p m
Arrive Kernersville "	"	"	10 57 p m
Arrive Salem	"	"	11 40 p m
Leave Salem	"	"	5 30 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	9 38 p m
Arrive Greensboro	"	"	7 30 p m

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Liniment is needed by somebody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn subdued, of rheumatic martyrs restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this

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which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as **Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease.** It heals without scars.

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Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D I C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1881.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.—Persons wishing to have printing well done, will please call at the Press office. We can print as *cheap* as the *cheapest*.

PAY UP.

Those indebted to us will please settle up their accounts without delay. We need the money.

—Farmer's and Planter's Almanac for 1882 for sale at Salem Bookstore.

—The *Academy* for October is on our table.

—Large cramps from small apples grow.

—Emanuel Fisher is building an addition to his residence, near town.

—Acorn on the tree is worth two on the toe.

—Caldwell county is to have another cotton factory.

—A special term of Davidson Superior Court commences Jan. 9, next.

—Early to bed and early to rise, is good for the sleeper, but rough on the flies.

During October twenty-one marriage licences were issued in this county.

—Fall term of Forsyth Superior Court commences on next Monday, the 13th inst.

—Full Moon on Saturday, the 5th, and last Quarter on Sunday next.

—The Sheriff will receive your taxes at the Court-house, during this month.

—The rain of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday was called for in Blum's Almanac.

—The Baptist Convention met Wednesday, in the Baptist church, Winston, at 10 o'clock.

—The Winston *Leader* is published daily, during the session of the Baptist Convention.

—Rainy up to Thursday, every day this week, and the prospect is rain all the week.

—There are over twenty students in attendance at the present session of Dick & Dillard's Law School.

—Tyler Hairston, formerly a resident of Winston, died in Henry county, Va., last week.

—There seems to be more trouble in the U. S. Revenue office. We learn of several changes.

—Never trust to appearances; it is the prosperous dentist that looks most down in the mouth.

—We learn Mrs. Douthit will use coal, in the place of wood, in her establishment this winter.

—A little attention paid to holes in the road where the creek is forded, near Salem bridge, might be the means of preventing accidents.

—Better start life on bacon and beans diet, and get up to turkey, than to start on turkey and get down to bacon and beans.

—W. T. Blackwell & Co., it is said, have notified their customers of an advance of five cents per pound on their tobacco, in consequence of the short crop, &c.

—The yearly meeting of the Friends or Quakers was held at New Garden, in Guilford county, this year. A large attendance on Sunday.

—Next Sunday is a church festival of the Moravians. The first service will be at 9.30. Preaching at 10.30, and communion in the afternoon and at night.

—The Methodist Conference will meet this year at Durham, on the 23rd inst. The question of dividing the Conference, on account of its large proportions, will come up.

—We learn that Dr. J. A. Butner, son of A. Butter, of Salem Hotel, sold his plantation near Hope Indiana, and will come back to this place shortly. Will be glad to see him among us again.

—L. N. Clinard has, within the past few years, lost several fine fattening hogs. He had one which would weigh about 300 pounds, to die on last Friday night.

A. C. Vogler also lost a fine hog.

—We regret to learn that our old friend, uncle Jake Thomas, ("Boss of the mill wagon,") is in a very feeble condition, being unable to get about without the aid of crutches. Hope to see the old man all right again, soon.

—L. N. Clinard, of Fries' store, put us in a puffing mood on Tuesday night by presenting us with a package of the famous brand of smoking tobacco, "Asheville's Best." It fully vindicates its name, and is as fine a brand of smoking tobacco as can be found on the market. It is put up in packages, ranging from two ounces to one pound, and costs the smoker but little more than the commoner brands. Mr. Fries also has the celebrated "Black Mountain" brand on hand.

Personals.—Robert Carmichael is here on a visit to his mother and sister.

Our old friend, Gideon Shultz, of Columbus, Indiana, called on us on Saturday last. His daughter accompanies him and is the guest of C. S. Hauser. Miss Pope, of Indiana, sister of Charles Pope is also on a visit.

J. H. Stockton and lady have returned from their trip of some six weeks.

Mrs. C. B. Steers and children, and Miss Helen Meller, left for Colorado, on yesterday (Wednesday.)

Col. Richard Dodge, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chalmers Glenn, of Rockingham, were in town on Tuesday.

Dr. John G. Bynum and family are on a visit from Texas to his relatives and friends in Stokes county.

—"Happy Hill," judging from its name, ought to be the happiest spot around here, but the wrangling carried on there on Sunday night was enough to convince any one that names are not always what they indicate.

—Wachovia Concert Cornet Club is the name of a new musical organization composed of the Salem Silver Cornets, the Salem Boy Band, and the Winston Band, making a total of 34 instruments. D. T. Crouse is Musical Director, with Jas. A. Reich as his assistant.

—Tom Randolph, colored, was bound over to court Saturday night, by Squire Johnston, charged with stealing brandy from the wagon of B. F. Jones, of Yadkin county. Jim Scales, colored, was also bound over for being implicated in a disturbance of the peace on Friday night.

—On Suturday night, or soon on Sunday morning last, a hollow tree in the woods, west of town, was set on fire, the fire being built in the hollow at the bottom of the tree. It burned all day Sunday, when the tree fell. What makes the thing a sort of mystery, a woman's tracks were seen going and coming from the tree.

—The Friedberg, Moravian protracted meeting was largely attended on Sunday last. Rev. James Hall, the pastor, preached an excellent sermon on Sunday morning. Mr. Emanuel Fishel addressed the congregation in the afternoon, and Rev. C. L. Rights preached at night. On Monday the weather was rather unfavorable, raining nearly all day.

County Matters.—The whole Board of County Commissioners were in session Monday. The keeping of the Court-House was let to A. Ruga, at $40 a year. Mrs. Mary A. Morris, W. A. Lutz, Frank Shields, Simon Spaugh, B. F. Crosland, Amos Hanes, col., and Mrs. V. Martin, were released from double tax. Charles Rothrock and J. S. McKaughan were appointed to let out the building of a new bridge at Pope's Bridge across South Fork. Delia Brendle was sent to the Poor-House. A number of county and pauper claims were allowed. With the exception of a few minor items, the Board adjourned.—*Leader.*

ACADEMY ITEMS.

—The calisthenic uniforms are rapidly spreading throughout the Academy and our full force will soon appear in them.

—Comfortable folding chairs have been added to the Reading Room furniture and are handsomely patronized at all hours.

—A good deal of attractive work is being prepared in the Needlework classes for the exhibition, and the more advanced Drawing scholars are also providing material for the occasion.

—Miss Steiner has finally retired from the Academy, the entrance of a number of additional teachers, on account of the re-opening of the Fourth Room, having relieved her of the class duties she has been performing hitherto. She will continue to render such service as occasion may call for.

—Miss Amelia Van Vleck, after many years' of labor in the Music Department of the Academy, has felt constrained to withdraw entirely, after having for several years past limited herself to general assistance at concerts and the instruction of a select few pupils. She retired at the close of the Spring Term.

—Some fine music is being prepared for the Christmas concert. An entirely new thing will be the twelve-handed piece, an arrangement for three pianos of the overture to "Gazza Ladra," of Rossini. The overture to Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream, for two pianos, and a Grand Waltz for eight hands, are worthy of special note. Miss Parker, Miss Hunter and Miss Jenkins will give piano solos. Mr. D'Anna will give for the first time his recently completed "Souvenirs di Napoli." The solo singers will be Miss Lineback in the cavatina from "Gazza Ladra," Miss Parker in Pinsuti's "The Raft," Miss Hunter and Miss Stewart, the former singing a romanza from "La Figlia del Reggimento," and the latter a ballad.—*Academy.*

Communicated.

—Rev. Wm. Turner preached the funeral sermon of Martin Longworth, to a large and attentive congregation, on last Sunday morning, at New Friendship church. It was an excellent discourse, and given in his usual impressive style. We were more than pleased to hear Mr. Turner tell his congregation that his health was improving.

Prof. Leonard commenced his second term in vocal music, at Friendship, on Wednesday, Nov. 9. Prospects better than heretofore.

A protracted meeting will commence at Pleasant Retreat on Sunday, Nov, 13th.

Also at Waughtown on Sunday, Nov. 13th. Rev. F. M. Jordan is expected to conduct the meeting at Waughtown.

Mr. Albert Green will teach the Public School at Broadbay Schoolhouse, in Broadbay township, commencing on Monday next.

Mr. Geo. Snider killed a fine wild turkey near his house in Broadbay township.

Loaded too Heavy.—Mr. Edward Charles, of Broadbay township, while hunting on Tuesday last, burst his gun, bruising his face badly.

Will Mrs. Rights and Stafford teach the Public School of Kernersville this year. S. A. H.

—The Rev. Lewis Rights preached in the Presbyterian church in Salisbury, Sunday night last, to a very attentive congregation. He has been a minister of the Moravian church for more than 30 years, and has a charge at Kernersville, Forsyth county. He and his lady (she a native) spent the spring time of life in this place and came to visit the friends, and the cherished scenes of youth. Of the long list of dear ones and acquaintances they found nearly all tenanting either Salisbury or Oak Grove Cemetery—sleeping "the sleep that knows no waking," and the scenes of to-day but dimly shadowing those of the past. And yet the visit was pleasant, though mixed with sadness.—*Watchman, November 3rd.*

Revenue Receipts.—The following are the collections In the Fifth District for the month of October, 1881:

October 1st,	2,907.41	
week ending Oct.	8, 36,379.41	
" " "	15, 24,331.35	
" " "	22, 28,624.32	
" " "	29, 23,251.36	
October 31st,	4,979.59	
Total,	120,473.44	120,473.44
Collections for October, 1880,		83,396.52
Gain for October, 1881,		$37,076,92

Liability to the government in stock, etc., on hand, November 1st, 1881:

Spirit Stamps,	44,574.30
Tobacco Stamps,	254,303.80
Segar "	1,165.20
Export "	40.00
Special Tax Stamps,	7,976.20
Lists,	44,197.63
	$552,257.13

To Geo, B. Everitt, Esq., Coll.:

We certify the foregoing to be the transactions for Oct., 1881, and the actual condition of the office at close of business, Oct. 31, 1881.

H. X. DWIRE, Chief Dep.
EUG. A. EBERT, Cashier.

Almost young Again.

My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family." A lady in Providence, R. I.—*Journal.*

MARRIED.

At the residence of J. P. Jones, Kernersville, on Tuesday 1st inst., by Rev Dr. Smith, of Greensboro, Mr. Thos. A. Wilson, of Winston, to Miss Annie Jones, of Kernersville.

On Oct. 27th, Thos. S. Reid, son of ex-Gov. Reid, to Miss Helen Pemberton, of Mangum.

On the 27th ult., Francis M. Morris to Miss Julia C. Stoltz, of Bethania township.

At Germanton, on the 3rd, Saunders Rierson to Miss Mollie Leak.

On Thursday, 20th ult., in Ffafftown, by Rev. R. P. Lineback, Mr. E. W. Hauser to Miss Clara A. Transou, all of Forsyth.

On the 8th inst., in Winston, by Elder Wm. Turner, Miss Martha V. Stewart to Mr. John M. Disher, of Davidson county.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, at the Salem Book Store.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

—For your spring supply of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Shoes, go to H. W. FRIES'.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed Montague & Gray and Gray & Wilson.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.
GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

—A few copies of REVISED TESTAMENT at the Bookstore. More on hand shortly.

FINE SHOES.

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.
H. W. FRIES.

NOTICE.

☞ ALL PERSONS are hereby notified not to cut down any trees or saplings on our premises in South Fork Township, Forsyth Co., or to remove any timber therefrom, without our consent, under penalty of the law.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Forsyth Co., N. C., Oct. 1, 1881.

FINE SOAP!—Super Triple Scented Toilet Soap, manufactured of the very finest and most costly materials, for sale at the
SALEM BOOKSTORE.

FAMILY BIBLES.

A new supply of Family Bibles, containing the revised New Testament,—at the Salem Bookstore.

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Pocket Book Lost!

On Saturday evening last, between Sunny Side gate and Waughtown, I lost my pocket book. The finder will please leave it and contents with Mr. Reynolds, or the undersigned, and receive his reward.

Wm. T. McGEE.
Oct. 13, 1881.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
AT Mrs. DOUTHIT'S.
REDUCED PRICES.
| CALL AND SEE. |

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Fall and Winter of 1881, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

Mrs. T. B. DOUTHIT.
Salem, N. C., Oct. 1, 1881.

SALEM ACADEMY.

Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework.

THE STUDIO of the institution is now open, and tuition is offered in the various branches of the Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework. The attention of ladies who may have leisure for study is invited.

Special arrangements will be made for lady students from town separately from those for the regular Academy classes.

For information in regard to the various branches of the course, and terms, apply at the office of the Academy.

J. T. ZORN, Principal.

"Peterson is constantly improving."—*Elmira N. Y. Husbandman.*

☞ CHEAPEST AND BEST. ☜

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Splendid Premiums for Getting up Clubs. | Large-Size Steel Engraving. Handsome Photograph Album. Extra Copy for 1882.

Full-Size Paper Patterns.

☞ A Supplement will be given in every number for 1882, containing a full-size pattern for a lady's or child's dress. Every Subscriber will receive, during the year, twelve of these patterns, worth more, alone, than the subscription price. ☜

Peterson's Magazine is the *best and cheapest* of the lady's books. It gives more for the money, and combines greater merits, than any other. In short it has the

Best Steel Engravings,
Best Colored Fashions,
Best Dress Patterns.
Best Original Stories,
Best Work-Table Patterns,
Best Music, etc., etc.

Its immense circulation and long established reputation enables its proprietor to distance all competition. In 1882 it will contain a brilliant succession of

Splendidly Illustrated Articles.

The stories, novelets, &c. in "Peterson" are admitted to be the best published. *All the most popular female writers* contribute to it. In 1882 about 100 original stories will be given, and in addition Six Copyright Novelets, by Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Jane G. Austin, Marietta Holly, Lucy H. Hooper, and Mrs. E. L. Cushing. The

Colored Steel Fashion Plates

In "Peterson" are ahead of all others. These plates are engraved on steel, twice the usual size, and are unequalled for beauty. They will be superbly colored. Also, Household, Cookery, and other receipts; articles on Art Embroidery, Flower Culture, House Decoration—in short, everything interesting to ladies.

TERMS (always in advance) $2 a year. UNPARALLELED OFFER TO CLUBS

2 copies for $3.50; 3 copies for $4.50, with a *costly steel engraving* "Hush! Don't Wake Them," or a handsome Photograph Album, for getting up the club.

4 copies for $6.50; 6 copies for $9.00, with an extra copy of the Magazine for 1882, as a premium, to the person getting up the club.

5 copies for $8.00; 7 copies for $10.50, with both an extra copy of the Magazine for 1882, and the large steel engraving, or Photograph Album, to the person getting up the club.

For larger Clubs still greater inducements. Address, post-paid,

CHARLES J. PETERSON,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 6.45, a. m., and every day at 3.40, p. m. Due every day, by 12:30, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 5:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend and Richmond Hill Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p.m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Yokely, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 5:30, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases.** For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. **Public speakers** and **singers** use them to clear and strengthen the **Voice.** Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

CHOICE LOT
—OF—
GOOD BOOKS
AT COST
—AT—
Blum's Bookstore,
SALEM, N. C.

NOTICE.

I am now ready to receive the Taxes due the corporation of Salem. Taxpayers will please call and pay me. The taxes are levied as follows: 35 cents on the hundred dollars; $1.05 on the Pol and $3.00 Road Tax.

L. N. CLINARD,
Tax Collector.
Salem, N. C., Oct. 4, 1881.

NOTICE.

Pure Bred Plymouth Rock Chickens for sale, either in pairs or trios, by

Mrs. L. N. CLINARD.
Salem, N. C., October 4, 1881.

NOTICE.

At a late meeting of the Board of Trustees of Salem Congregation, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, and directions given to the Secretary to have the same published in the Salem *Press.*

Resolved, That in future special permission from the Board of Trustees must be obtained whenever the use of the Salem Square is desired for any purpose.

J. W. HUNTER, Chairman.
J. T. Lineback, Secretary.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of the late Urias Mooney, on the 24th day of August, 1881, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Urias Mooney to make immediate payment and settlement to me or the claims will be put in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me lawfully authenticated on or before the 1st day of September, 1882, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK.
Pub. Adm'r of Forsyth County.
August 23, 1881.

CUSTOM Boot and Shoe Shop.

I HAVE OPENED A CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, on Main Street, Salem, N. C., two squares below the Salem Hotel, next door to T. Vogler's gun-smith shop.

Will make MENS' BOOTS AND SHOES, and all kinds of LADIES' WORK, in a neat and substantial manner.

☞ Particular attention giving to REPAIRING all kinds of boots and shoes.

Prices for the different qualities of work will be found as reasonable as at any other establishment.

I most respectfully solicit a part of the public patronage.

If parties living at a reasonable distance, in need of work, will let me know by postal card or otherwise, I will wait on them.

Respectfully,
G. A. REICH.
Salem, N. C., Aug. 25, 1881.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. W. M. HINSHAW.

SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1881.

HINSHAW BROTHERS,

WINSTON, N. C.

Four years ago to-day we opened our first stock of GOODS in one of the buildings we now occupy. Not satisfied to remain where we started, we have from time to time added to our building and stock, so that we can safely say that we now have the most complete Store Rooms in the State. We have in use two of BATES' best ELEVATORS by the means of which we have easy access to all parts of the ten Rooms in our Block, all of which are filled with Merchandise of every description, which we buy at the lowest prices, mostly from manufacturers, and which we will sell at reasonable prices.

IN OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS, WHICH ARE THE LARGEST IN TOWN, we will duplicate in prices any bill of an ordinary amount bought in any market, freight taken into consideration.

OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENTS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN WINSTON. We call especial attention to our line of

DRESS GOODS,

TRIMMINGS, LAWNS, PEQUETS, SUITINGS, NOTIONS, PARASOLS, COTTONADES, CASSIMERES, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Winchester, Va., and Miles' Philadelphia Shoes
A SPECIALTY.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF

400 Suits of Mens' and Boys' Clothing
40 Cases Hats.
85 Cases and Bales of Dry Goods
50 Cases Notions
100 Bags Coffee
50 Barrels Sugar
75 " Syrups
150 Kegs of Nails and Horse Shoes

SPLENDID STOCK OF

STAPLE HARDWARE,

Drugs and Patent Medicines.

Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Queensware

in large quantities and great variety.

2,000 Dozens Coats' Spool Cotton at N. Y. Prices.
2,000 Pounds Sole Leather.
20,000 Pounds Meat and Lard.
White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

We intend to make it to the interest of every one to come and see us, and we invite you to do so.

7,500 BAGS OF THE CELEBRATED STAR BRAND TOBACCO MANURE For Sale this Spring.

Buy your GOODS of us and sell your TOBACCO at our NEW WAREHOUSE, (PACE'S) when completed, and you will come as near getting the worth of your money in Merchandise, and the worth of your Tobacco in money as you can get in this wide world.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

Respectfully,
HINSHAW BROTHERS.
May 19th, 1881.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA
HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL Insurable Property, Against Loss or Damage by Fire,

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

☞ Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid. ☜
☞ Encourage Home Institutions. ☜

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.
J. A. LINEBACK, Agent at Salem, N. C.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY.
THE LEADING COMPANY OF THE WORLD
Assets, over - - $30,000,000.
Total Claims Paid, SEVENTY MILLON DOLLARS
New York Office, 45 William Street.
DAVENPORT & CO., GENERAL AGENTS
1113 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
J. A. LINEBACK, SALEM, N. C.,
Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

GOLD Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home overnight. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages in the business fails to make great pay. Address George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the Press Office.

New Books.—A lot of new Seaside Library publications just received at the Salem Bookstore.

I. W. DURHAM,
PRACTCAL
Marble-Worker
AND DEALER IN
MONUMENTS!
AND
TOMBSTONES.
WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

THE NEWS & OBSERVER.

RALEIGH, N. C.

LARGEST WEEKLY IN THE STATE.

WE GIVE 2,500 COLUMS OF READING MATTER during the year. We print full reports of the meetings of all important religious bodies and of court and legislative proceedings, and generally all matters of interest occurring in the State.

We give the latest Telegrams, the latest Market Reports the freshest news, interesting Articles, Stories for the girls and Farm Notes for the boys.

Our Market Reports will be worth many dollars to farmers and merchants.

Take your County Paper, and then send $2.00 for the News and Observer.

Specimen copies furnished on application.

CEDAR COVE NURSERIES.

All kinds of fruit trees and small fruit plants at unusually low rate, prices and descriptions sent free. Address
N. W. CRAFT.
Shore, Yadkin Co., N. C.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

$25 PREMIUM.

GET THE BEST.

Turner's Patent Evaporator.

A PREMIUM OF $25 will be given the farmer who produces the greatest quantity of sugar from syrup made by Turner's Patent Evaporator, from one acre of seed cane, grown in North Carolina. Ten pounds to be exhibited at the next annual State Fair at Raleigh.

Turner's Patent Evaporator has been in use for two years, and is highly recommended by farmers and others who have used it. The following certificate speaks for itself:

State of North Carolina, Surry Co., January 18th, 1881.

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have used the Turner Evaporator for the past year and find it to be a perfect success.

It has advantages that no other evaporator has:

1st. The fire can be regulated without any danger of risk of burning or scorching the molasses.

2nd. The arrangement is such that you can regulate the flow of juice and discharge of finished syrup with such accuracy as not to endanger the syrup from its having tinge of scorch or dark dragy appearance.

3rd. It facilitates the labor so very much that one hand can attend to the Evaporator and do good work; besides many other advantages that I have neither time or space here to enumerate.

Rev. J. J. SETLIFF.

P. S. I made syrup from the early Amber Cane that actually commenced the process of granulation on the Evaporator.

J. J. S.

For further information, call on or address.
W. E. TURNER,
Dalton, N. C.
or B. TURNER,
Bethania, N. C.
March 3, 1881-8-6m.

THE MOST SUCCENSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. READ PROOF BELOW.

FROM
COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 10th, 1881.

Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt which I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons which failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago *Express*, I determined at once to try it, and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial. I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame, and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the State. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles, who are now using it. Very Respectfully,
L. T. FOSTER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

ON HUMAN FLESH.

Patten's Mills, Washington Co., N. Y., February 21st, 1878.

Dr. B. J. Kendall, Dear Sir: The particular case on which I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months standing. I had tried many things, but in vain. Your Spavin Cure put the foot to the ground again, and for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we ever used. Yours truly,
Rev. M. P. BELL,
Pastor of M. E. Church, Patten's Mills, N. Y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings and any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or for rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, Dr. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUG STORES.

GATES'
SHAVING SALOON.

I TAKE PLEASURE in calling the attention of the Young Gents of Winston and Salem to the fact that, I have removed my

Shaving Saloon and Barber Shop

to the most eligible room for the business in the city. Call at the first door North of the Merchant's Hotel, Winston, N. C. Thankful for past favors, I trust to be able to merit a continuance of your visits. Very Respectfully,
ALEX. GATES.

☞ I am still manufacturing my world-renowned Hair Restorer, and ask all who are in need to send in their orders. I have certificates from some of the best citizens of Winston and Salem, as well as other places, and guarantee satisfaction. 34-6m.

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Lights Along the Shore.

The wild sea thunders on the shore,
The wind blows chill from off the wold.
The sea-gulls gather on the cliffs,
And prate and chatter of the cold;
The hoarse winds blow, the sun has set,
And "Life," I said, "is like the sea—
Cruel, it casts our wrecks ashore,
In tempest and in misery."

A singing voice came up the cliffs,
A child with blue eyes, grave and sweet,
And fair hair blown about her face,
Sped up the path with flying feet.
"The fishing boats are in!" she cried,
"We've watched for them a day or more."
And looking down I saw the nets,
And lights were glancing on the shore.

"At yester eve my mother wept,
The white gulls flew far out to sea,
The great waves beat upon the sand,
The surf rolled in so heavily;
At yonder door she stands and waits."
And singing still, she flitted past.
"I thank Thee, oh, my God!" I said,
"There are whose ships come back at last!"

—*Amalie LaForge, in Scribner's.*

A FIERY CHASTENING.

The lights streamed forth gayly from the windows of the town hall of Bridgestoke, and there were sounds of festivity within. Mr. Robertson, the head of the principal banking firm of the town, was giving his annual ball. All the select society within several miles was gathered there, and was described in the ensuing number of the Bridgestoke *Guardian* as "a very brilliant assembly."

Lilian Grey was undeniably a coquette, and as undeniably the belle of the ball. A face of wild, haunting beauty, with its flashing eyes and wealth of raven hair, a superbly molded figure, and an air of queenly grace were fascinations that proved irresistible to the male admirers buzzing around.

Mrs. Grey sat watching her all-charming daughter, with a complacent smile on her stately features. She was a widow, with comfortable, though not considerable, means, and Lilian was her only child. They lived at Burnham house—a handsome residence standing in its own grounds in the outskirts of the town.

Twice Lilian had danced with a tall gentleman of distinguished appearance, who was some fifteen years her senior. After the second time, he stood by her chair, talking to her, when a handsome, brown-eyed, brown-haired young man approached them.

"My next partner," said Lilian, with a faint change of color.

"Will you introduce me?" observed the tall gentleman.

"Certainly. So you have come to claim me, George? This is an old friend of mine, your lordship. Mr. George Howell—Lord Walsover."

They shook hands, and the introduction was made. His lordship was a widower, with one interesting little girl, and also a large landed property.

He was the best matrimonial catch in the county, as every match-making mamma knew; and that he—a man of more than local grandeur—should be present at the ball to-night was a matter of much comment.

A few minutes after, when the music commenced, Lilian arose, and with George Howell's arm around her waist, floated around the room in the mazy waltz. They stepped by a casement leading into a conservatory, from whence issued the perfume of choice exotics.

"Lilian, I wish to speak with you a moment. Will you come in here with me?"

He drew her through the casement, notwithstanding that she hesitated; and after wandering a little way in silence, they sat down.

"Will you let me look at your programme?"

It hung by a silken cord from her waist. Without a word, she handed it to him.

"R. W., once, twice, three times! Who is R. W., Lilian?"

"Lord Walsover," she replied, gently.

"What does it mean?" he asked, in a low tone.

She toyed with her fan and was silent.

"I thought we had known each other too long, Lilian, for there to be any secrets between us. When I told you of my true, honest love, did you not bid me wait? I am not wealthy, but I have sufficient to provide a comfortable home for you. I have waited, and what do you say to me now?"

"That I never can love you, George, dear, as you wish," she said, tremulously. "You must not speak to me so again. You forget that we are not still boy and girl together. We have grown up, George."

"I know it to my cost," he said, bitterly. "In the old days you did what you liked with me, blew hot and cold on me by turns, and, by Jove! you are as bad as ever."

She bit her pretty nether lip, and bent very low over her fan.

"You must not hope, George; you will know why, later on. My present answer is final."

"Yes, I know! Your answers are always final, Lilian, and are subject to changes like the weather. Really, I think I'm a most long-enduring swain."

"But I mean it this time. I have reasons."

"What are they?"

"I oughtn't to tell yet; but you will know soon enough. I am engaged to be married, George."

"Engaged!" he gasped, beneath his breath.

"Yes; to Lord Walsover. It took place yesterday." And she sighed a little.

He was quiet a few moments, and then he asked in a sad, changed voice, "Do I understand, Miss Grey, that everything is settled?"

She nodded, without looking up.

"I shall go away," he said, strangely, after a further pause. "You need not fear my presence any more, Miss Grey. I shall leave by the early morning mail for Liverpool. I shall try to mend a broken heart in a foreign land." And he rose as if to go.

"Oh, do not take it to heart so, George," she murmured, and her little white-gloved hand crept up entreatingly to his arm. "Don't hurry away; there are others as beautiful as I."

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed, turning on her fiercely. "Lilian Grey, you have sold yourself and your beauty for wealth, rank—to the highest bidder! Have I loved you for beauty's sake? Never! I knew that within that hard shell of worldliness, which has fed itself on flattery of your beauty, there lay a kernel of goodness and womanliness, for which I was content to wait. Your beauty is your curse, and you will find it out in time."

As he took a step or two away, she stood up, her flushed face and burning eyes turned to him.

"Stay, Mr. Howell!" she said, haughtily; "what my beauty is to me concerns myself alone. I thank you for your good opinion of me, but I don't require it. You are incensed because I have only done what the world approves, what all sensible girls in my place would do—chosen a man in good position for myself. I hope I have a free will, Mr. Howell."

He would hear no more. With a mournful wave of his hand he rushed away, through the crowded ballroom, downstairs into the street. In the gray dawn he left by the mail train for Liverpool.

She stood motionless, where he had left her. But only for a moment, and then she started forward, stretching out her fair, white arms, and cried, faintly, "George, George! don't leave me. Come back, my love!"

It was no use. He had gone beyond sound of her voice; and so, with a heaving sob, she sank on the seat and buried her face in her hands.

Presently footsteps approached her.

"I have been looking for you everywhere. What is it, Lilian?" And the tall gentleman stooped over her.

"Nothing. I felt a little faint, my lord."

He seated himself by her. Half an hour after they entered the ballroom again, where her various partners had been searching for her right and left, and had nearly gone crazy in their search. She was immediately pounced upon, but excused herself fulfilling any more engagements that evening.

* * * * * *

There was a sad, fearful scene in the ballroom that same night.

The gorgeous chandeliers, pendant from the ceiling, and adorned with glittering lusters, shed a brilliant light around from innumerable wax candles. Suddenly, the vibration of a chandelier from the dancing caused one of these candles to slip from its socket, and it fell on a lady sitting beneath it. But the work of a moment, and then the fleecy, white texture she wore was in a cloud of flame, and she rushed hither and thither frenzied—shrieking in her agony. The gay crowd of dancers made way for her, terror-stricken, as if by magic, some calling for water, others vainly endeavoring to escape in mortal fear. One or two of the boldest then watched their opportunity, flung her down and rolled her in a huge rug, extinguishing the flames.

They picked her up and carried her away, a charred mass of quivering, agonized humanity. Her groans and writhing contortions were heart-rending, and yet after days of doubt and infernal torture, and months of nursing, she recovered—recovered in health, strength, body, in everything but one thing—her beauty was gone forever.

For the poor sufferer was Lilian Grey!

* * * * *

Four years passed, and people said that times were hard. Robertson & Co., the great bankers of Bridgestoke, had failed and brought ruin on hundreds of the confiding householders of that town. Among these was Mrs. Gray, of Burnham house. Mr. Robertson had been a friend of her husband, and after his death had offered to manage and invest her fortune for her. Unknown to her, he had absorbed it into his banking business, and after the final crash had passed, scarcely sufficient was retrieved to secure to her and her daughter a bare pittance for life. Greatly was Mrs. Gray distressed when they were compelled to leave Burnham house and take up their abode in obscure lodgings in the town.

Needless to say, after Lilian Gray's accident, nothing further was heard from Lord Walsover. He did not even trouble to inquire whether she recovered or not. A great change came over her with their reverses of fortune, and finding that at times her mother scarcely had the necessities of life, she pocketed the remnants of her pride and started as a music teacher. It was uphill work at first, and she had to endure many half-concealed sneers at her former arrogance, but she lived them down, and after a while gathered a decent little connection for herself.

But Mrs. Grey fell ill, and despite all Lilian's endeavors it became a difficult matter to provide the comforts for a sick person out of her slender means. She slaved all day at her various pupils' residences, and then set up half the night, tending the invalid lovingly. And yet the rent went back, and the surly landlord was inexorable, and if it were not paid within three days out they must go.

In this extremity Lilian bethought of asking a slight favor at one place where she attended. This was where she taught the three children of a wealthy retired merchant, named Price. Nearly half the quarter had run; she would explain her dire necessity, and ask to be accommodated with that and the remaining half quarter in advance.

Modestly she stated her case to Mrs. Price, a stout, florid-looking woman, of rather coarse manners and appearance. But this worthy lady replied, with some show of surprise, that it was impossible she could accede to Miss Grey's request—that it was a most unheard of proceeding, and where would her household allowance be by the middle of the quarter if every one wished to be paid in advance? She should have thought that a young woman, who at one time had occupied the position of a lady, would have had more breeding than to ask such a thing. And with this ill-natured sneer, Mrs. Price swept from the room.

Smothering her indignation and her sobs, and feeling doubly the burden of her troubles, Lilian repaired to her school-room to give her pupils their music lessons.

Only one child was there, a pretty little girl with flaxen hair.

"Oh, Miss Grey, Uncle George has come! And he has brought me such a beautiful doll! It can turn head over heels, and can squint, and he says it came all the way from Japan, where the tea-trays are made, you know."

But this gratuitous information did not secure the attention expected; and a few minutes after the child was stumbling through her "scales" in a most reckless and unchecked fashion, as far as Lilian was concerned.

When half an hour of this sort of thing had passed, the child got down off the stool without a word.

"Yes, Fanny; you may go," said Lilian, rousing herself. "Send Charlie to me for his lesson."

Away went little Fanny, and Lilian was left to her reflections alone.

Some minutes elapsed, and no "Charlie" appeared.

Very bitter were her thoughts, and the tears kept stealing to her eyes, however much she tried to hold them back. At last they welled up so fast they toppled over their brims and rolled down her cheeks.

She buried her poor, scarred face on her arms, leaning on the desk, and gave way to a little "weep" over her cares.

Presently she heard voices approaching, and little Charlie entered the room, accompanied by a gentleman, both talking vivaciously; but they stopped as soon as their eyes fell upon her. Then she heard the gentleman ask in whispered tones that sent a strange thrill through her:

"Who is the lady, Charlie?"

"That is Miss Grey, my music teacher. She is going to give me my lesson, Uncle George."

"She seems asleep."

With that tear-stained face Lilian dare not look up to show them that she was not.

"I think so, too, I will call her. Miss Grey!"

"Stay—stay, Charlie! Do you know what her Christian name is? Think, now."

And there was an earnestness in the deep tones that went straight to her heart.

"N-no, Uncle George; I can't think."

"Was it, Lilian? Can you remember that?"

"Yes, yes—it is! I 'member; it is in her music-case," exclaimed little Charlie.

"It can't be her," she heard the murmured tones in soliloquy; and then, "Is she very beautiful, Charlie?"

"No, Uncle George. She has a big red mark all down her cheek; so," and he put his little finger along his face diagonally. "But her eyes are very pretty. She was burned."

"Burned!" came the whispered voice, breathlessly.

She felt, at any risk, she must pretend sleep now, rather than admit she had heard so much.

"Yes, uncle. It was at a ball a few years ago. And they say she was very beautiful, and going to be married soon to a lord; but after that he wouldn't have her. I know, because I heard mamma tell Mrs. Green all about it."

She heard a deep catching of his breath and a hurried step forward, and then he said:

"Charlie, would you like me to give you that Chinese top I bought? Very well, then. Go up to my room and get it, and you may set to work and play with it there for half an hour."

Off scampered the boy with a crow of delight, and then the school-room door was closed behind him.

Light steps approached her, and she felt a light hand on her shoulder. She was quivering all over with emotion, and the great sobs would surge up and have a vent.

"Miss Grey, you have not been asleep; you have heard what was said. Are you the Lilian I once knew—the Lilian I left to become the bride of Lord Walsover? Nay, I know you are, and that you remember George Howell still."

But her face was buried on her arms, as before, and the tears were flowing silently.

He continued, tenderly and gravely:

"Do you remember I said I was very patient, Lilian?—I could wait and hope? And do you remember what answer I asked you for that night in the conservatory? Will you give me that answer now, my love?"

And he bent over her, and gently tried to raise her head.

"No, George," she sobbed; "I am altered since my accident. You haven't seen me. You would not ask me if you had"—still keeping her burning face in the sheltering arms.

"Do you not remember what I then said about your beauty, Lilian? Your face would always be beautiful to me. Then give me your answer before I see you, love."

He drew the music stool toward him, and sat down beside her, with his arm round her waist.

"Never! You shall know whom you would marry, George."

And she raised her head bravely.

There certainly was a change. A big, dull scar down one side of the face, and cutting into the curved upper lip; the eyebrows grown again, but not so finely penciled as of yore; and the dark lashes not so deep in their fringing as they were when he last saw her.

But, then, the soft, wistful eyes looked up at him through a mist of tears with a new and purer expression, and the chastening finger of sorrow had left a light on the pale features sweeter and calmer than pride could give.

And George Howell, as he gazed on her, forgot the scars and all that was appertaining to that fiery chastening, and only thought the countenance that had come through it more tender and beautiful.

And he told her so; and when he pressed her for his answer, she whispered, "Yes, George, if you will have me."

And then she told him of her love for him, and how she had called him back, but it was too late; and then of her fearful accident, and those weary years; how she often wondered where he had gone.

"Half over the world, my love," he cried, merrily; "and in luck's way, too. A nice little fortune I've gathered; enough to buy back Burnham house, if you will."

Then looking at his bronzed face, and brown eyes, and curly brown locks, she told him shyly how handsome he had grown, and really he was too good-looking for her; and he laughed, and said she ought to keep that to tell him after they were married.

And when Mrs. Price came in and disturbed the tete-a-tete she was considerably surprised at the turn affairs had taken.

That George Howell—her cousin only, though called "uncle" by the youngsters—who had only returned from foreign lands three days, with a fortune in his pockets, should already have made up to such a girl as that, and he engaged to her, was extremely bewildering. And she was permitted to continue in unenlightened bewilderment.

And so they were married some three months afterward, and Burnham house was repurchased and they settled down there happily. A cloud hovered over them a short time after, when Mrs. Grey died, but it soon passed away.

And in years to come often would Lilian, when, nestling in the arms of her stalwart husband, as he stroked her scarred cheek, whisper in his ear her thanks to heaven that on that eventful night when he started for distant lands she had suffered and come forth the purer from her fiery chastening.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A few drops of muriatic acid poured on a tablespoonful of pulverized marble will produce carbonic acid gas.

The density of the Dead sea and the Atlantic ocean, distilled water being as 1, the former is 1.13 and the latter 1.02.

Among the greater variety of forms on the mound-builder's pipes are those of animals like the elephant and mastodon.

The liver and respiratory organs are developed in an inverse ratio, the liver being largest where respiration is most feeble.

That fish sleep has been well determined by observations conducted by Dr. Hermes and others in the Berlin aquarium.

Onion, garlic and leek owe their peculiar pungent flavor to a certain white, volatile oil, and contain much phosphoric acid.

Capaine, obtained from trees in the Molucas and a part of South America, is used to forward digestion, as opium produces sleep.

Some species of vetch throw their seeds to a distance, owing to the elasticity of the pod, which opens with a jerk when ripe.

Mr. H. C. Hovey finds the mean temperature of the Mammoth cave, Kentucky, to be fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit in summer.

For those who have been suffocated by carbonic acid, the careful inhalation of ammonia has been proved a most efficacious remedy.

In a recent note Mr. W. T. Blanford described the distribution of land in the Indian Peninsula and the intervention of a vast plain traversed by the Indus, Ganges and Bramaputra. This plain has been generally considered to have been the basin of a great sea, but in the opinion of the author the evidence advanced does not appear to contain a single fact in favor of the sea having at any geological period occupied the Gangetic or eastern portion of the plain. The tract is evidently a depression area filled up to above the level of the sea through a long period of time.

Never interrupt any conversation with a hacking Cough; it creates a bad impression. Better invest a quarter of a dollar in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and cure it.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

Extracts from Charles Dudley Warner's Paper, Read Before the American Social Science Association.

The newspaper is a private enterprise. Its object is to make money for its owner. Whatever motive may be given out for starting a newspaper, expectation of profit by it is the real one, whether the newspaper is religious, political, scientific or literary. The exceptional cases of newspapers devoted to ideas of "causes" without regard to profit, are so few as not to affect the rule. Commonly, the cause, the sect, the party, the trade, the delusion, the idea, gets its newspaper, its organ, its advocate, only when some individual thinks he can see a pecuniary return in establishing it.

The chief function of the newspaper is to collect and print the news. The second function is to elucidate the news, and comment on it, and show its relations. A third function is to furnish reading matter to the general public.

Nothing is so difficult for the manager as to know what news is; the instinct for it is a sort of sixth sense. To discern out of the mass of materials collected not only what is most likely to interest the public, but what phase and aspect of it will attract most attention, and the relative importance of it; to tell the day before or at midnight what the world will be talking about in the morning, and what it will want the fullest details of, and to meet that want in advance, requires a peculiar talent. There is always some topic on which the public wants instant information. It is easy enough when the news is developed, and everybody is discussing it, for the editor to fall in. But the success of the news printed depends upon a pre-apprehension of all this. Scarcely less important than promptly seizing and printing the news, is the attractive arrangement of it, its effective presentation to the eye. Two papers may have exactly the same important intelligence, identically the same dispatches; the one will be called bright, attractive, "newsy," the other dull and stupid.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN JOURNALS.

In particularity and comprehensiveness of news collecting it may be admitted that the American newspapers for a time led the world. I mean in the picking up of local intelligence and the use of the telegraph to make it general. And with this arose the old notion that news is made important by the mere fact of its rapid transmission over the wire. The English journals followed, speedily overtook and, some of the wealthier ones perhaps, surpassed the American in the use of the telegraph and in the presentation of some sorts of local news; not of casualties, and small city and neighborhood events, and social gossips (until very recently), but certainly in the business of the law-courts and the crimes and mishaps that come within police and legal supervision. The leading papers of the German press, though strong in correspondence and in discussion of affairs, are far less comprehensive in their news than the American or the English. The French journals we are accustomed to say are not newspapers at all. And this is true as we use the word. Until recently nothing has been of importance to the Frenchman except himself; and what happened outside of France, not directly affecting his glory, his profit or his pleasure, did not interest him. Hence, one could nowhere so securely intrench himself against the news of the world, as behind the barricade of the Paris journals. But let us not make a mistake in this matter. We may have more to learn from the Paris journals than from any others. If they do not give what we call news, local news, events, casualties, the happenings of the day, they do give ideas, opinions, they do discuss politics, the social drift, they give the intellectual ferment of Paris, they supply the material that Paris likes to talk over—the badinage of the boulevard, the wit of the salon, the sensation of the stage, the new movement in literature and in politics; this may be important or it may be trivial; it is commonly more interesting than much of what we call news.

WHAT IS NEWS?

What is news? What is it that an intelligent public should care to hear of and talk about? Run your eye down the columns of your journal. There was a drunken squabble last night in a New York groggery; there is a petty but carefully elaborated village scandal about a foolish girl; a woman accidentally dropped her baby out of a fourth story window in Maine; in Connecticut a wife, by mistake, got into the same railway train with another woman's husband; a child fell into a well in New Jersey; there is a column about a peripatetic horse-race which exhibits, like a circus, from city to city; a laborer in a remote town in Pennsylvania had a sunstroke; there is the edifying dying speech of a murderer, the love-letter of a suicide, the set-to of a couple of Congressmen, and there are columns about the gigantic war of half a dozen politicians over the appointment of a sugar-gauger. Granted that this pabulum is desired by the reader, why not save the expense of transmission by having several columns stereotyped, to be reproduced at proper intervals? With the date changed it would always have the original value and perfectly satisfy the demand, if a demand exists, for this sort of news.

This is not, as you see, a description of your journal; it is a description of only one portion of it. It is a complex and wonderful creation. Every morning it is a mirror of the world, more or less distorted and imperfect, but such a mirror as it never had held up to it before. But consider how much space is taken up with mere trivialities and vulgarities, under the name of news. And this evil is likely to continue and increase until news-gatherers learn that more important than the reports of accidents and casualties is the intelligence of opinions and thoughts, the moral and intellectual movements of modern life. A horrible assassination in India is instantly telegraphed; but the progress of such a vast movement as that of the Wahabee revival in Islam, which may change the destiny of great provinces, never gets itself put upon the wires. We hear promptly of a landslide in Switzerland, but only very slowly of a political agitation that is changing the constitution of the republic. It should be said, however, that the daily newspaper is not alone responsible for this. It is what the age and the community where it is published make it. So far as I have observed the majority of the readers in America peruse eagerly three columns about a mill between an English and a naturalized American prize-fighter, but will only glance at a column report of a debate in the English parliament which involves a radical change in the whole policy of England; and devours a page about the Chantilly races, while it ignores a paragraph concerning the suppression of the Jesuit schools.

NEIGHBORHOOD GOSSIP.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the American newspaper, especially of the country weekly, is its enormous development of local and neighborhood news. It is of recent date. Horace Greeley used to advise the country editors to give small space to the general news of the world, but to cultivate assiduously the home field, to glean every possible detail of private life in the circuit of the county and print it. The advice was shrewd for a metropolitan editor, and it was not without its profit to the country editor. It was founded on a deep knowledge of human nature, namely, upon the fact that people read most eagerly that which they already know, if it is about themselves or their neighbors, if it is a report of something that they have been concerned in, a lecture they have heard, a fair, or festival, or wedding, or funeral, or barn-raising they have attended. The result is column after column of short paragraphs of gossip and trivialities, chips, chips, chips. Mr. Sales is contemplating erecting a new counter in his store; his rival opposite has a new sign; Miss Bumps, of Gath, is visiting her cousin, Miss Smith, of Bozrah; the sheriff has painted his fence; Farmer Brown has lost a cow; the eminent member from Neopolis has put an L on one end of his mansion and a mortgage on the other. On the face of it nothing is so vapid and profitless as columns after columns of this reading. These "items" have very little interest except to those who already know the facts. But those concerned like to see them in print, and take the newspaper on that account.

Inspecting Keely's Motor.

A short time ago some of the directors of the Keely Motor company extended an invitation to several New York capitalists to come over to Philadelphia and witness the operation of this much talked-of machine. Accordingly a number of gentlemen, representing different commercial pursuits and a good deal of capital, visited Philadelphia and were escorted to where the motor is in place, in an old stable in the rear of Mr. Keely's house. The only possible way to gain admittance to the seance was by giving three raps on the door at short intervals, and Mr. Lorimer, one of the directors, and Mr. Schullerman, the secretary, as door tenders, tried to exclude all but the invited few.

As the clock was striking 8 the upper apartment of the stable was full of men. Mr. Keely then poured twenty drops of cold water into the generator of his apparatus and connected the different tubes which acted as insulators of sound and vibration. After the first expulsion, which caused the vaporization of a part of the twenty drops of water poured into the generator, Mr. Keely proceeded to show the vibratory power of his machine, placing a hollow brass globe between two plates of glass an inch thick. Certain combinations were made and the globe began to revolve at the rate of a hundred revolutions a second, as claimed by Keely. The next experiment was the firing of a cannon ball through a four-inch plank and then flattening the ball against an iron plate back of the plank. Again a little wire was connected between the generator and the cannon, and, without any apparent force except that supplied by the vapor gained from the twenty drops of water, a ball went crashing through the room, striking the wall in what Mr. Keely calls his vice shop. No hot air escaped from the mouth of the cannon. Then Mr. Keely exhibited his belting machinery and created what was claimed to be six-horse power motion instantaneously. Many questions, all wonderfully unscientific, were asked and answered by Mr. Keely in an excitable, jerky way, in incomprehensible scientific terms. After the exhibition was over a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Keely. In his reply he said: "I do not claim to have invented this. Any man who would make such a claim would be a fool. This is an invention of the great Creator. I merely put together machinery to demonstrate the vibratory power of that you have witnessed to-night."

His Honor and the Small Boy.

"Bub," said his honor, as he leaned over the desk to look down upon a red-headed rat of twelve, "do you expect to be sent to State prison for life?"

"Y-yith, thir," was the reply.

"Well, you'll get there if you keep on. Don't you know that it is an awful thing for a boy like you to throw a big apple and hit an ex-alderman in the left eye?"

"It slipped, thir."

"How?"

"I throwed at a b-boy, an' it went off t'other way."

"Throwed at a boy, eh? Suppose you had killed the boy?"

"Yith, thir; I'd like to kill him, 'cause he clubbed my dog."

His honor looked under the desk for an imaginary umbrella, and it was a long minute before he straightened up and said:

"Yours is a serious case."

"Yith, thir."

"You must be checked in your young career. If you will assault an alderman now, what wouldn't you do when you are a man?"

"Yith, thir, I wouldn't."

"I don't want to send you to the workhouse, and yet I feel that you must be made to respect the law. Bijah, hadn't you better take care of this boy?"

Bijah led him into the corridor and shut the door. What passed there may never be revealed. When the door was opened the floor was strewn with pieces of shingle, and the boy had gone around the corner. Those who saw him said that he looked ruffled from the back of his neck down to his heels, and that he was in a great hurry.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Horrors of a Drought.

The drought of 1881 has been nothing to that of 1819, to judge from the description of one who claims to have passed through it, and who says: During that drought the cattle became afflicted with the hot-weather itch and thousands died, literally tearing the skin from their sides and backs in their frantic efforts to scratch themselves to relieve the intolerable itching. Deer and horses died with the black tongue; fowls and birds became listless and stupefied, moped in despair, lost their plumage and died in utter misery. Men, women and children grew sick with disappointed hopes for the healing showers, drinking the foul carbonized water and eating dusty food, and many died of disease not known before or since. Maddened with the intolerable itch and frantic with eating the dry and dessicated grass, deprived of all nutritive elements by the long drought, the cattle, sheep and horses roamed over the fields and through the forests, moaning and howling, or pawing the earth in impotent rage. Added to these horrors, the fields and forests took fire and burned for weeks and months. The air was filled with smoke and ashes, producing another horror in the shape of some form of ophthalmia that was almost intolerable. This state of things lasted until the middle of January, when the blessed rain and the really beautiful snow came and saved the country from utter annihilation.

California papers say that the phyloxera panic, which threatened at one time to put an end to wine growing in the Golden State, and which has done so much harm in Europe, is a thing of the past. It has been found that this enemy of the vine can be controlled, if not extirpated, by the use of proper remedies, and the dread of it is dying out. Most of the vineyards in Sonoma valley are now in a flourishing condition; as many new acres have been planted this year as in the last three combined, and the yield promises to be enormous.

Severe Droughts.

An interesting record is that of severe droughts as far back as the landing of the Pilgrims. How many thousand times are observations made like the following: "Such a cold season!" "Such a hot season!" "Such dry weather!" or "Such wet weather!" "Such high winds or calm!" etc. All those who think the dry spell we have had this year is the longest ever known, will do well to read the following:

In the summer of 1621, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1630, 41 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1657, 75 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1662, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1674, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1680, 81 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1694, 62 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1705, 40 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1724, 61 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1728, 61 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1730, 92 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1741, 72 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1749, 108 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1755, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1762, 123 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1783, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1791, 82 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1802, 23 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1812, 28 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1856, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1871, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1875, 26 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1876, 27 days in succession without rain.

It will be seen that the longest drought that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1762. No rain fell from the first of May to the first of September, making 123 days without rain. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain.

Shrewdness that Saved a Newspaper.

The recent suspension for six months of the *Golos*, writes a correspondent at St. Petersburg, would have brought a loss of no less than 170,000 roubles to its unfortunate editor, but happily precautionary measures had been taken in time, and the authorities have been completely tricked. Soon after the return of General Enroth from his mission in Bulgaria, one or two articles appeared in the *Golos* exposing, in cautious and moderate language, the absurdity of shedding Russian blood for the sake of making Bulgaria free only to hand her over a few months later to the despotic rule of a Battenberg. Of course the general was angry, and, thanks to the influence he enjoys in high places, easily secured the suppression of the paper, and, when he had no longer occasion to fear being answered, published a filibustering letter, in which he accused the *Golos* of circulating "impudent and unfounded lies." But for once the bellicose general had reckoned without his host, and the man of the pen proved more cunning than the man of the sword. Among the contributors to the *Golos*, Professor Modestoff has long occupied a high and honorable place, and some months ago he obtained the necessary permission to establish a daily political paper. The permission, it is generally reported, was applied for in consequence of a fear that before long the *Golos* might get into trouble, and, therefore, no immediate steps were taken to start the new journal, but when the blow fell Professor Modestoff was ready, and within two days of the suspension the first number of the *New Gazette* was published. In form, type, political opinions, everything save the name, it is an exact reproduction of the defunct paper, and is even printed at the same office. All St. Petersburg is laughing at the sly trick, which, for sharp business, reminds us of Alphonso Karr, who, when his paper, *La Guepe*, was suppressed, continued to publish it without any title at all.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Brace Up!

This is the sort of advice we would give to a nervous, dyspeptic sufferer. Infuse more vitality into your muscles and brain, my attenuated friend! Do it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. In the face of its unbounded popularity and the concurrent evidence in its favor, you can scarcely doubt that it is potent for good. Use it then, use it persistently and regularly, not spasmodically and for a few days. A remedy with such a reputation deserves a fair trial. If you are dyspeptic, your malady will eventually yield to it; if you are feeble, lack flesh and feel despondent, it will both build and cheer you up; if you are constipated, it will relieve, and if bilious, healthfully stimulate your liver. Don't despond, but make this effort in the right direction. It will eventuate in your relief, and pay you physically, mentally and financially. Take our advice and act upon it without delay, before some serious malady lays you on your back.

A young clergyman in Iowa recently married a couple in the following brief manner; "Do you want one another?" Both replied yes, "Well, then, have one another."

We Believe

That if every one would use Hop Bitters freely there would be much less sickness and misery in the world; and people are fast finding this out, whole families keeping well at a trifling cost by its use. We advise all to try it.—*U. & A. Rochester, N. Y.*

There are 163,293 more Baptists in this country than there were last year. The present total is set down as 2,296,327.

Send your address on a postal card to E. R. Hardy, Chelsea, Mass., and you will receive gratuitously a handsomely illustrated book of 36 pages, containing much valuable information and interesting reading, and besides learn about something by which you can double your income. A small outlay only required.

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a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by New York Newspaper Union, 150 Worth Street, New York.

VEGETINE does not deceive invalids into false hopes by purging and creating a fictitious appetite, but assists nature in clearing and purifying the whole system, leading the patient gradually to perfect health.

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Is the BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

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DENTON'S BALSAM cures Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, etc. Can be used externally as a plaster.

Use RED HORSE POWDER for Horses and Cattle.

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AND NEVER FAILED

To CURE Croup, Spasms, Diarrhea, Dysentery and Sea Sickness, taken internally, and GUARANTEED perfectly harmless; also externally, Cuts, Bruises, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pains in the limbs, back and chest. Such a remedy is DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.

☞ No one once trying it will ever be without it; over 600 physicians use it.

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Garfield and Family, elegant engraving, 19x24. Sent for 24 (stamps). Sheehy & Co., 33 Barclay St., N. Y.

Lady Beautified.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

The imperial printing office at Berlin is an establishment of no mean order. Close upon 700 persons find employment there. The machinery includes 238 machines of various descriptions, of which thirty-seven are worked by steam. To drive them several engines of together sixty-four horse-power are used. About 100,000,000 sheets of paper are consumed per annum.

PURE COD LIVER OIL made from selected livers, on the seashore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

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15c. but "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, etc.

There is but one real cure for baldness—CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, a natural Hair Restorer. As recently improved, CARBOLINE is free from any objection. The best hair dressing known.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef Cattle—Med. Nat. live wt.	9	@	11¼
Calves—Good to Prime Veals	5	@	9
Sheep	4	@	5½
Lambs	5¼	@	6¾
Hogs—Live	5¾	@	7
Dressed, city	8½	@	8¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	6 55	@	8 50
Western, good to choice	6 80	@	9 00
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 48	@	1 48¾
No. 1 White	1 46½	@	1 48
Rye—State	1 05	@	1 09
Barley—Two-rowed State	85	@	89
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	65	@	71
Southern Yellow	72½	@	73
Oats—White State	53	@	56½
Mixed Western	45	@	49
Hay—Timothy	95	@	1 05
Straw—No. 1, Rye	70	@	80
Hops—State, 1881	22	@	30
Pork—Mess, new, for export	19 75	@	20 00
Lard—City Steam	11 87	@	11 87
Refined	12 20	@	12 20
Petroleum—Crude	7	@	8
Refined	7¾	@	7⅞
Butter—State Creamery	26	@	37
Dairy	23	@	28
Western Im. Creamery	21	@	30
Factory	13	@	19
Cheese—State Factory	10	@	13
Skims	3	@	9
Western	8	@	12
Eggs—State and Penn	25	@	25½
Potatoes—Early Rose, State, bbl	2 50	@	2 75
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Extra	6 25	@	6 75
Lambs—Western	5 25	@	5 75
Sheep—Western	4 00	@	4 40
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	6 50	@	6 80
Flour—C'y Ground, No. 1 Spring	6 75	@	7 25
Wheat—No. 1 Hard Duluth	1 59½	@	1 60
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	72½	@	72½
Oats—No. 2 Mix. West	51	@	51
Barley—Two-rowed State	90	@	90
BOSTON.			
Beef—Extra plate and family	14 50	@	15 00
Hogs—Live	7¾	@	8
Hogs—City Dressed	8½	@	9
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	16 00	@	16 50
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	8 75	@	9 62½
Corn Mixed and Yellow	82½	@	84
Oats—Extra White	58	@	62
Rye—State	1 15	@	1 15
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	44	@	46
Unwashed " "	30	@	31
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef—Extra quality	6 62½	@	7 25
Sheep—Live weight	5¾	@	5¾
Lambs	5¼	@	6
Hogs, Northern	9	@	9
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, fair	7 50	@	7 50
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 51	@	1 51
Rye—State	1 00	@	1 00
Corn—State Yellow	74½	@	75
Oats—Mixed	48	@	48
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	35	@	36
Cheese—New York Full Cream	13	@	14
Petroleum—Crude	6½	@	7½
Refined	7¾	@	7¾

Vegetine FOR DROPSY

I Never Shall Forget the First Dose.

PROVIDENCE.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have been a great sufferer from dropsy. I was confined to my house more than a year. Six months of the time I was entirely helpless. I was obliged to have two men help me in and out of bed. I was swollen 19 inches larger than my natural size around my waist. I suffered all a man could and live. I tried all remedies for dropsy. I had three different doctors. My friends all expected I would die; many nights I was expected to die before morning. At last Vegetine was sent me by a friend. I never shall forget the first dose. I could realize the good effects from day to day; I was getting better. After I had taken some 5 or 6 bottles I could sleep quite well nights. I began to gain now quite fast. After taking some 10 bottles I could walk from one part of my room to the other. My appetite was good; the dropsy had at this time disappeared. I kept taking the Vegetine until I regained my usual health. I heard of a great many cures by using Vegetine after I got out and was able to attend to my work. I am a carpenter and builder. I will also say it has cured an aunt of my wife's of neuralgia, who had suffered for more than 20 years. She says she has not had any neuralgia for eight months. I have given it to one of my children for canker humor. I have no doubt in my mind it will cure any humor; it is a great cleanser of the blood; it is safe to give a child. I will recommend it to the world. My father is 80 years old, and he says there is nothing like it to give strength and life to an aged person. I cannot be too thankful for the use of it. I am,

Very gratefully yours, JOHN S. NOTTAGE.

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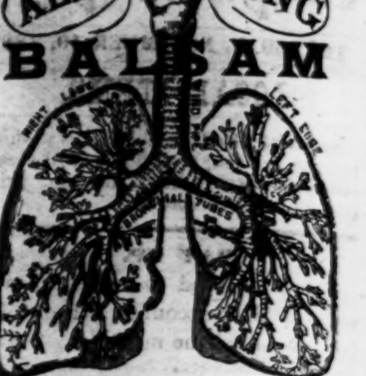

(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

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